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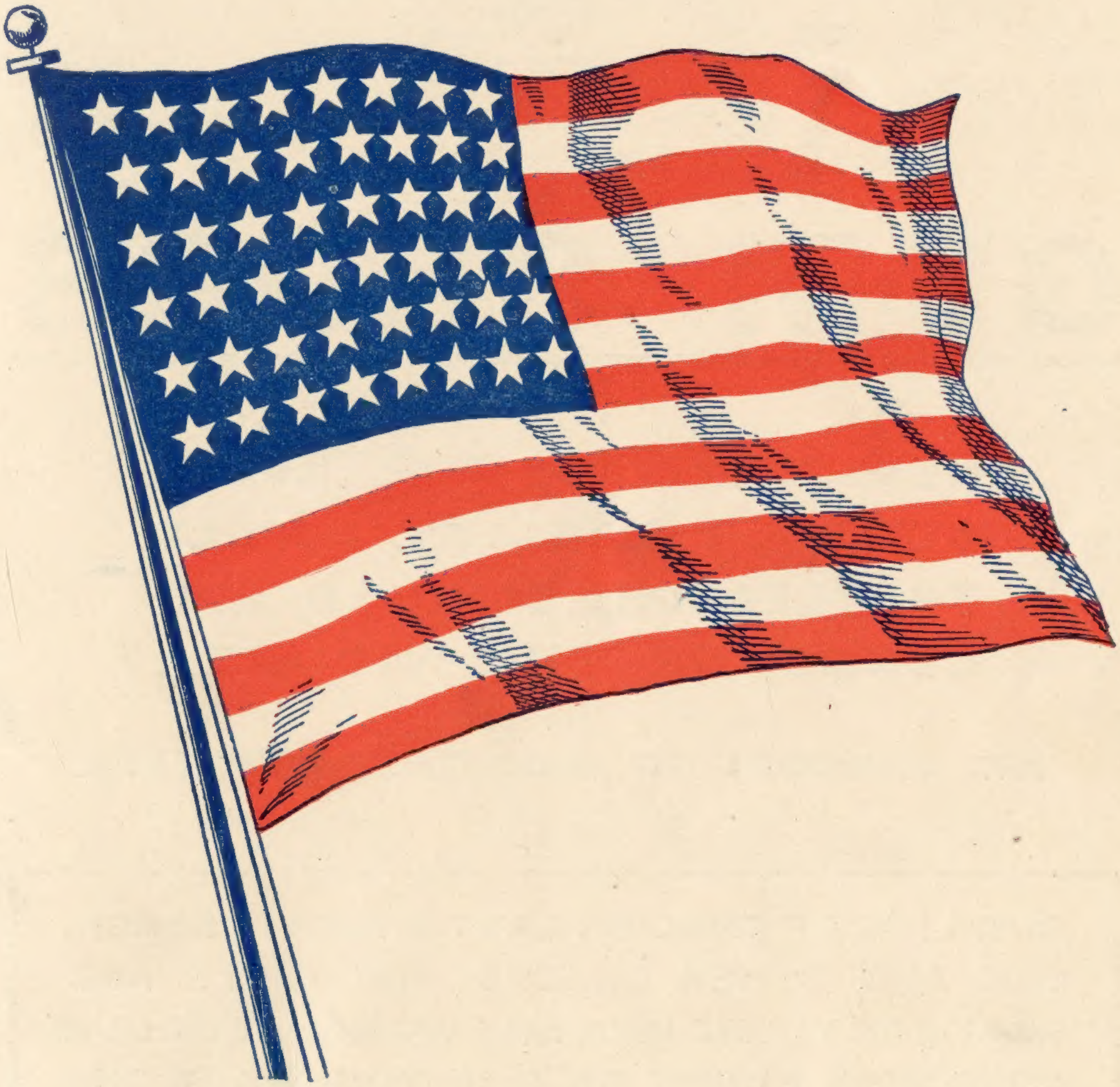

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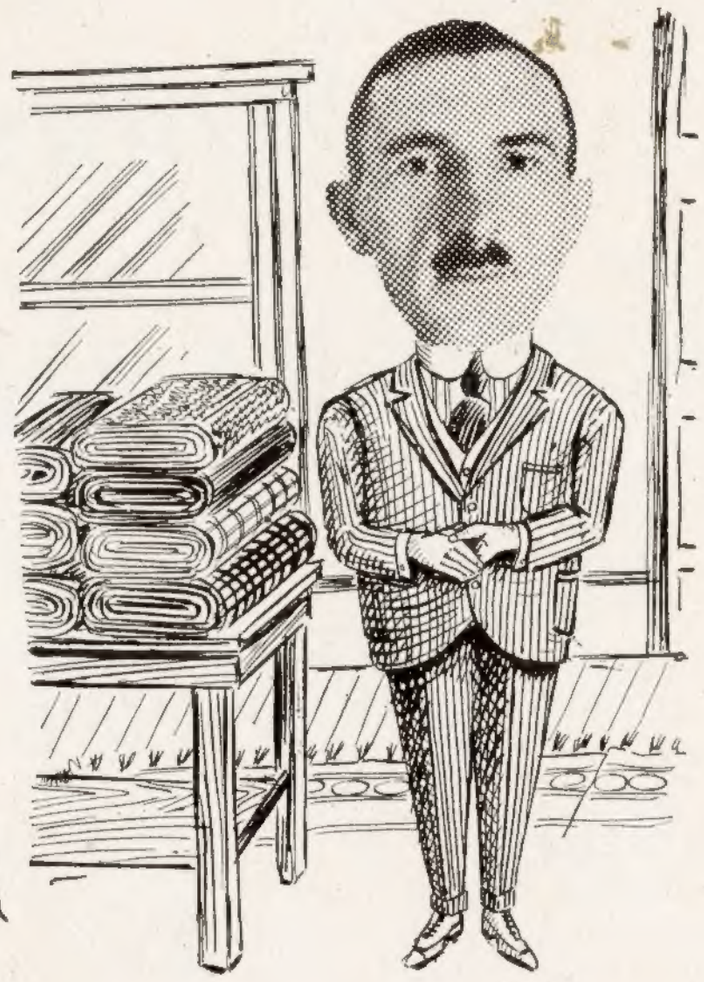

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

TUESDAY, APRIL TWENTY-FOUR, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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Through the Ages

By P. A. X.

"It was long years ago, when in life's sunny morning
He rode with his comrades down into the fray
And the old coat he wore, and the good sword he wielded,
Were all that came back from the ranks of "the Gray." —*Blondine.*

IT is the afternoon of the 17th of August, 1862. The small dusty village of White House lies sleeping drowsily under the rays of the summer sun. On the outskirts, stands the beautiful white mansion of the Calverts, from which the village takes its name, surrounded on all sides by a quaint old-fashioned garden in full bloom. To the rear of the house and a little to the left, a small lattice work summer-house snuggles in amongst a clump of American beauty rose bushes. It contains two young people. The one, a tall dark-haired man of perhaps twenty-five, booted and spurred, and wearing the handsome gray uniform of a Confederate cavalry officer. The other, an exquisitely beautiful girl of nineteen summers, clad in the grotesque hoop-skirt of the period.

They have been sitting there for perhaps two hours, dreamily disturbing the heavy air with their low murmuring voices.

Suddenly one becomes aware of a dull rhythmic sound vibrating across the summer fields. A sound such as a well-trained body of horse makes, when galloping along a smooth road.

The noise becomes louder and louder, and finally a splendid troop of rebel cavalry bursts into view around the bend in the tree-arched road. Responding to a sharp order, the troop of beautiful dappled-grey horses, halts in front of the Calvert mansion. Crowds of darkeys lean over the picket fence and with open mouths, and wide eyes, watch the troopers dismount to tighten girths and adjust sabres and carbines.

The pair in the summer house bid each other a fond adieu, and the man steps toward the door. But before he steps outside, the girl quickly following, unclasps a locket and chain from her neck, and winds it around the sinewy sunburned wrist of the handsome officer. It is the end. The man raises the locket to his lips, kisses it and hurriedly strides down to the brick walk toward his waiting troop, sabre and spurs clanking in unison.

A bugle stabs the air with a quick staccato of notes. The gray-clad cavalry men hurriedly mount, and canter off in column of fours toward White House, followed by the cheers of the simple colored folk.

The gaping darkies return to the fields, and once more the peaceful scene lapses into silence, broken this time only by heartrendering sobs issuing from the summer-house.

As the troop nears White House, people rush from their homes and throng the roadside to see the departure of "Fairfax's Dappled Greys." The noise is deafening. Confederate flags are waved madly, and the troopers respond by wav-

ing hats and cheering the enthusiastic crowd.

But the troop does not halt for a moment; it passes straight down the main street and out into the country beyond.

At dusk, White House lies six long miles to the rear. Still the troop rides on. Northward, ever northward. At the head of the long column, sitting his horse like a statue, with head drooped on his breast, rides Robert Fairfax, his colored servant, old Tom, ever at his side. All night the wearied men ride onward.

As the first cold streaks of dawn color the eastern sky, the sound of heavy cannonading braces the tired riders.

Four hours later, the outskirts of a raging battle are reached. Straggling soldiers dot the roadside, while the troop is continually making detours around stalled guns, caissons, and ambulances.

At nine o'clock, Fairfax's command turns into a grove, to the right of the main road, for breakfast. The exhausted men drop prone on the ground for a few minutes' well-earned rest.

Soon little wisps of blue smoke rise from the many squad fires, and the appetizing smell of frying bacon, permeates the grove. The horses are rubbed and curried. The men bathe in a nearby brook.

A group of four officers have organized a mess under a convenient oak, and old Tom is industriously serving breakfast, when a dusty staff orderly gallops furiously up.

"Is this the camp of Fairfax's troop?"

"Yes, I'm Captain Fairfax, what's wanted?"

"All right, Captain Fairfax, you're to march your troop down this road for maybe three hundred yards; take the first turn to the left and proceed along that road until you come to the emplacements of a six-pounder battery from Richmond. A little beyond the battery is a small grove; take up your position there, keep your men in the saddle, and await further instructions. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

The staff orderly gallops off.

"Stand to horse!"

"Mount!"

"Right forward, fours right—march!"

The troop cautiously feels its way down the road, turns to the left and after five minutes' riding comes upon the outposts of the six-pounder battery. A few minutes more and the troop is concealed in the grove.

The grove overlooks a long rolling valley perhaps a mile across. The Richmond battery has not yet gone into action, but a Yankee battery across the valley, drops an occasional shell in the grove, by way of precaution.

The fire of the Union battery becomes hotter and finally intolerable. The Richmond battery opens fire, but is hopelessly outranged. A staff officer rides up.

"Captain Fairfax, General Longstreet presents his compliments, and will the captain capture that Yankee battery across the valley?"

Through the mind of Fairfax flashes the thought of a similar order, given to light horse cavalry at the battle of Balaklava, during the Crimean War, but he hesitates only a moment.

"Forward, at a gallop, march!"

The troop breaks from the cover of the grove and dashes precipitously down the steep slope, into the face of murderous shrapnel fire, gathering fierce momentum as it gallops onward.

The bugle sounds "Draw Sabres." One hundred and fifty naked blades glint in the sunlight. The artillery rakes and re-rakes the onrushing horse, but the decimated ranks press on, the dauntless Fairfax twenty yards in advance.

Suddenly a jagged piece of steel from an exploding shell strikes him full in the chest. He reels, then slips from his saddle lifeless. The onrushing troop thunders over his fallen body, straight for the guns. But old Tom sees' his master fall. He reins in his plunging horse and gallops back to the shattered form. He dismounts and hugs Fairfax in his withered arms.

"Bobby, Bobby boy, speak, speak to me, its ole Tom, tell ole Tom yo' ain't daid!" But the soul of Robert Fairfax stands at salute to the Great Captain who commands the ranks of the dead.

Late at night, a small burial party winds its way painfully by torchlight, back to the grove where the splendid troop, now numbering but forty men, had breakfasted early in the morning. In the middle of the slowly-moving squad, march eight men, carrying between them a rough pine box. They halt by the side of an open grave. The coffin is lowered, and the earth filled in. A sob-choked subaltern commands.

"With blank cartridges—load!" Eight breech blocks snap open with muffled clicks, and eight cartridges are rammed home.

"Aim—fire!"

Three times the volley reverberates through the silent grove, a final salute to the dead. Ere the last echo has died away, a bugler steps to the head of the mound and the pathetic, trembling strains of "Lights Out" are carried far down the darkened valley on the wings of the warm summer breeze.

The burial squad forms and marches back up the road, leaving a heartbroken old darkey kneeling beside the rough cross at the head of the mound.

It is three days later. News of the battle has just reached White House. The Casualty Lists are posted on the town bulletin board in front of the vine-covered Methodist Church.

The road in front of the church is crowded with faltering old men, wide-eyed children, and sobbing women.

Eleanor Calvert stands in front of the long strips of yellow paper. She hurriedly runs her finger down the lists of names. She comes to the

F's. The first is that of Fulton, gallant, laughing Fulton, the troop quarter-master sergeant. The next in Faraday, poor John Faraday, married just two weeks before. The next—the next name is Fairfax. A mist comes between her eyes and the ugly yellow paper. Fairfax, Robert S.—then his rank—Captain—she must force herself to read the words in that lost column. Fairfax—Robert S.—Captain—"Instantly killed." The words seem to leap out and strike her blind. She sinks to the roadside unconscious.

* * * * * * * *

Long weary years have passed away. White House is now a thriving metropolis. The ancient seat of the Calverts lies in ruins. All that remains of "Fairfax's Dappled Greys" is a bronze equestrian statue in front of the City Hall, and a few tottering old men scattered throughout the length and breadth of this united land.

"Yes, but Eleanor Calvert?"

It is sunset. The old green bell in the tower of the convent of Our Lady Evangeline peals out in gentle tones calling the simple country folk from the rich California fields, to evening prayer.

In her cell sits an aged silver-haired nun. A kind of pathetic beauty lights her wrinkled cheeks. Her form is still straight, but the rude cassock sets it off poorly. Her hands are folded in her lap. The moon rises over the distant mountains and shines through the small barred window, lighting up her benign face. Hark! what is that? The sound of approaching horse! The nun starts, sits upright, then hurrying to the door, she flings back the rusted bolt and feebly hastens down the crooked stairway. Once outside, she crosses the courtyard to the Convent gate. Pantingly she pushes it open and steps into the roadway. To her poor old eyes appears a vision of a splendid gray-clad troop of cavalry, standing at attention, sabres glistening in the moonlight. The leader lifts her up before him on his horse, and the troop gallops off into the night.

It is morning. The first rays of the rising sun disclose the lifeless form of Sister Eleanor lying by the roadside, a smile of happy contentment still shone on her calm face. Her years of waiting were ended.

Siva

By Burke Boyce.

A BLEEDING, exhausted soldier, his horse covered with foam and dust, dashed into the fortified camp of the Indian Expeditionary Force of Her Majesty's Army one hot, dry afternoon.

"Halt, who's there?" challenged the sentry.

"Private Atkins, 12th Dragoons."

"Pass, private Atkins."

The dragoon dashed on, swaying dangerously in his saddle, and at last arrived at the tent of the commanding officer. He flung himself from the horse and saluted the officer.

"I have to report, sir, that the Wizard has started again! He worked up a mob of natives last week and murdered all the advance regiment. Only five of us escaped, and I am—am—the only one—who—got through. He—had—placed —watchers along—the—road—"

The dragoon stopped, stared wildly, collapsed in a heap, and lay still. Two orderlies picked him up and bore him to the hospital tent. The commandant sat still, with a frown on his face. Suddenly he arose from his chair and began to scan a map which hung on a wall of the tent. Then he turned to an orderly.

"Send Lieutenant Wilkins here at once," he ordered.

In a few moments Lieutenant Wilkins appeared. He was of medium height and had a good build; light-haired, blue-eyed, and browned to a light copper by the fierce sun of Northern India. Also, if one looked closely enough, one might see a dainty, well-trimmed mustache on his upper lip. His face was typically English, care-free and joyous, but with a certain firmness about it that would make one stop and think before offending its owner in any way.

"Bobby," began the commanding officer affectionately, "I hate like everything to do this, but you're the only man I can really trust. The advance regiment I sent out to awe the natives has been slaughtered by the Wizard. Now what I want you to do is to take a company and go out to the Wizard's haunts. Tell him you're deserting with your company and want to join forces with him. Then you're to keep an eye on him and let me know by messengers what he is doing. And if possible, lure him near to the camp so that I can get him. But I can't send enough men away from the camp to capture him. All right, Bobbie, good-bye and good luck!"

So it happened that Lieutenant Wilkins, alias Bobbie, set out with one company into the wilds of Afghanistan, the region of mystery and mysterious men, of foreign and terrible gods, of their crazed and fanatic worshippers, of treachery, poisons, and violent death.

Bobbie, as he journeyed farther into these wild regions, thought more and more of the blood-curdling stories he had heard about them, but, whenever tempted to turn back, he would say, "For the Queen! For Queeen Victoria and Edward, Prince of Wales!"

This always seemed to put new heart into him, so that he could march on again without fear.

Yet it was not exactly fear, but an awful feeling that something was about to happen. He seemed surrounded by horrid shapes, shadows, which floated about like lost souls, and yet, when he looked again, they were gone. However, nothing happened to disturb his march, so he hid his doubts as well as he could, and advanced. He was getting very near the Wizard's favorite town now, so he ordered his men to hang their rifles on their backs, where they would not be too conspicuous, and he designated one man who was to carry a flag of truce. They proceeded in single file, following the man with the flag. The vegetation became thicker than before; huge rocks and boulders barred their way; there was no sound save that of their march. Then suddenly and without warning they came upon the Wizard's town.

They halted and natives ran forward to meet them. They were surrounded by a solemn horde of turbaned Hindus, who slowly and silently approached the town, bearing the soldiers with them by sheer force of numbers. They soon reached a rather large building into which the natives flowed. Inside this building were several tables, upon which food had been placed. The natives, by signs, invited the soldiers to eat. This they did readily, for they were tired out by their long march. They soon finished, however, and then laid themselves out on the floor at ease, wondering what was going to happen next.

They had not long to wonder. Somewhere down the street an elephant trumpeted, and all the natives immediately fell flat on their faces.

"Just see how this Wizard has the people in control," remarked Bobbie to his second in command, "and they say that it is the same in at least a dozen towns around here. Altogether I suppose he controls about fifteen hundred men. Of course that doesn't sound like much, but you know how dangerous these Hindus are. Mention that the "Christian murderers" are going to destroy their Brahma or Vishnu, or Siva, and they become fanatics, tumbling over one another to be killed for their cause."

"Who are those three gods you just mentioned?" inquired the subaltern, "I've heard of Brahma, but not of the others."

"Brahma," replied Bobbie, "is their 'creator,' Vishnu is the 'preserver' and Siva the 'destroyer.' That's about all I know. My word, look at this affair!"

The "affair" was an enormous elephant which had just come to a stop in front of the doorway. He bore a howdah on his back, and a statue-like mahout on his neck. The mahout carried a silver "ankus" or elephant goad, with which to guide the beast. The howdah was adorned with gold leaf and wonderful jewels, while a cloth, stiff with gems, covered the elephant from neck to feet. Two Hindus now placed a ladder of teak-wood with ivory steps against the elephant's side, and from the howdah descended a man of noble stature. The stranger approached Bobbie and salaamed.

"Art thou, oh son of the diamond, the leader of this noble band?" he inquired.

"I am, sir," replied Bobbie, with as much dignity as he could muster up.

"Then, brave one, my master, The Wizard, requests thy presence in his temple. He desires to know why thou hast entered his domains. But he does know that it is with a good purpose, because he saw the white-flag-which-never-lies. Deign to follow me, oh morning star, to the Temple of the Wizard!"

"But what about my men?" Bobbie was a good officer.

"They will be looked after. I wait, oh glorious one."

With a nod to the soldiers, Bobbie left the room, and climbed into the howdah, the Wizard's emissary following.

"Mail," grunted the mahout, and the elephant moved off. As they approached the Wizard's temple, they were almost surrounded by natives, who were all going in the same direction.

"Where are they headed?" asked Bobbie.

"It is the time for the evening prayer," answered his guide, "and they go to the temple to worship."

Finally they reached the Wizard's temple and dismounted. They entered the building, and, after winding through several rooms and passages came to what the stranger called the Inner Room. Bobbie was told to enter, and did so.

On the threshold, he paused, absolutely dumbfounded. The walls were hung with the richest tapestries imaginable, which reached from the floor to ceiling. There were two or three doors and alcoves opening off the room, in front of which hung curtains of light, transparent gauze, which almost melted at the touch. The room itself was in semi-darkness, which was broken here and there by incense-fires. There were low teak-wood and mahogany stools scattered about, and the floor was covered with thick, velvety rugs. In the darkest corner of the room was a sort of throne, surrounded by cushions, and hung with gorgeous tapestries. On this throne sat the Wizard, dressed in flowing silk robes. Around his head was a magnificent turban, richly encrusted with jewels, surmounted by a great, red ruby, which seemed to flash fire. The face of the Wizard was hidden by the darkness.

While Bobbie stood on the threshold of this wonderful Inner Room, a gong sounded. Instantly a dim light appeared around the throne, revealing an altar which had been heretofore hidden. At each side of the altar were two Hindus, who were feeding incense pots. On the altar was seated the most hideous figure Bobbie had ever seen. He guessed that it was the god Siva, for at the foot of the altar was a huge silver sword inlaid with gold. The god himself was sitting in a position indicating thought. He was naked,

and his body was smeared with funeral ashes. He wore a long necklace of human skulls and bones, and his matted hair resembled the thatch of a cottage. But strangest of all were his eyes. He had three of them, all made of enormous rubies, and they flashed fire in a way that was so lifelike as to be truly horrible. There is a tradition in India that if anyone should interrupt his devotions, the fire from those eyes would burn the offender to a crisp. Such is the Hindu destroyer Siva.

"Enter," said the Wizard to the still dazed Bobbie, with a kindly voice.

Bobbie entered the room, walked up to the Wizard, and bowed. The Wizard returned the bow. Bobbie then proceeded to tell him why he had come (using the fictitious reason suggested by his commander), and asked to join forces with the Wizard. He, after due thought, consented to the plan, and Bobbie thanked him gratefully.

"And now," proceeded the Wizard, "you must live here with me as becomes my ally. I have a room prepared. Follow this servant. But stay! First you must worship Siva. He likes it not if he is not worshipped by everyone who enters the room."

Bobbie, rather startled at the unexpected command, hesitated to obey. He did not wish to bow to a heathen god. But the thought of the importance of his mission decided him. He knelt before Siva.

Suddenly the light in the altar went out. Bobbie jumped to his feet, but as he did so, the floor beneath him opened, dropping him through the hole. He fell about six feet, landing on some straw. He leaped up, endeavoring to climb out again, but the roof closed above him, leaving him alone in inky blackness. Bobbie realized that he was now in the Wizard's power. He therefore set about to discover an opening in his dungeon. But although he made the round of all four walls, not a crack could he find. Discouraged, he sat down on the straw that had been placed there, probably for a bed, and tired out by all he had been through, soon fell asleep.

He was awakened by the sound of a gong. He sat up and looked about him. Absolute blackness. Suddenly he saw a mist on the opposite wall. Fascinated, he watched it. It grew, became more solid, began to take shape! Then there appeared a red spot, then another, then another. A huge sword formed out of the mist! And finally, to the terror-stricken Bobbie, there appeared on the wall the ash-smeared, three-eyed form of the god Siva! With a wild yell, Bobbie flung himself face downward on the floor, and when he looked again, the specter had disappeared. That spectral vision appeared every night to the half-crazed Bobbie! Gradually, as his mind grew weaker, he came to expect its arrival. Slowly, surely, it was getting a hold upon him. Poor, demented Bobbie! Then, one night, as the awful visage of the god appeared on the wall, the prisoner fell down and worshipped it! What wonder. Bobbie was alone in absolute blackness, and this awful form was the only thing he saw for more than a month. With those three red eyes staring at him, who would not have gone crazy? As he finished his worship, Bobbie heard a voice speaking to him.

"Thou hast done well, son, mount the ladder and regain thy liberty."

Looking behind him, Bobbie saw a ladder being lowered into his dungeon through a hole in the roof. Eagerly he mounted it, and found himself again in the Inner Room, facing the god Siva. Again he worshipped, then turned to the Wizard's throne expectantly. He was not disappointed. The Wizard spoke.

"The god Siva is well pleased with thy worship. He has plans. These Christian dogs must be destroyed. Thou know'st the weak parts in their fort. Therefore I am instructed by the god Siva to put thee in command of the army soon to be led against the English!"

So far was Bobbie in the control of the Wizard that he answered, almost without hesitation, "I obey, O Siva!"

* * * * * * *

The Hindu force was encamped outside the English fort. The attack was to be made on the morrow. The Wizard and Bobbie were sitting in Bobbie's tent, talking over their plans, when suddenly Bobbie stopped, looked at the Wizard and then at the fort. The Wizard, knowing what was in his mind, bade him good night and left the tent. No sooner had he done so, than Bobbie leaped to his feet and began to struggle into his coat.

"What on earth have I been doing!" he exclaimed, "I certainly have been a fool. Well, it's lucky I woke up soon enough. I'll sneak out of here and get into the fort. I know all their plans, so we can beat them easily. Good-bye, Mister Wizard."

He stepped from the tent and walked toward the edge of the camp. The sentries salaamed to him as he went past. He passed them all one by one, and was drawing near to the walls of the fort, when suddenly a mist began to form in the air. Bobbie watched it, knowing very well what was going to happen. And sure enough, faint, but unmistakable, the awful specter of Siva appeared in the air! With a shriek, Bobbie dashed back into camp, upsetting two sentries on the way. But once safe within his tent, he began to repent that he had let himself be conquered by an airy image.

"Bobbie,," he soliloquized, "you'll always be in the power of that heathen devil. There's only one thing for you to do. Now do it."

He sat down at the table and wrote a short note. Then he called a sentry.

"Here, Toomai, take this note and throw it over the wall of the fort. It's a note about surrender. Be quick."

Toomai, grinning, withdrew, and Bobbie lay down on his cot to wait for the morning.

Sergeant Dick Cunliffe was walking along the wall of the fort when a packet of paper fell at his feet. He picked it up and looked it over. On the outside was written: "To the Commanding Officer." So, like the good soldier he was, he took the note to the commandant.

"To the Commandant:

Sir, I cannot explain now, but I am at the head of this horde of demons. Suffice it to say that there was knavery at the bottom of it. But you can conquer. At ten o'clock I will lead my troops over the big mine. What that doesn't do away with you can finish off easily. Good-bye.

Yours respectfully,
Lieutenant Wilkins (Bobbie)."

The next morning the natives attacked. They swarmed about the fort like angry bees. They seemed invulnerable to rifle balls. They also seemed innumerable. The English were falling on all sides. Their case seemed hopeless.

The officer suddenly remembered the note, looked at his watch. Two minutes to ten. At the same moment, the mob of Hindus rushed around to the side where the mine was placed, and charged.

"Explode the mine!" shrieked the officer.

"Yes, sir," came back to him.

The natives were at the top of the wall. The officer had a glimpse of the red coat of the Royal British Army at the head of all of them. Beside the red-coated figure he saw one with a jewel-encrusted turban. He saw—the mine exploded! Turbans, rifles, rocks and dirt go skyward in one great mass! Then the noise dies away, leaving only the sound of scattering rifle fire. Suddenly something falls at the officer's feet. He stoops and picks it up. It is an enormous ruby, which flashes fire in the sunlight!

"Yes, She Is!"

By Irving Gibson Idler.

"SPLENDID!"

"Bully!"

"Wonderful music!"

Such were the exclamations that came from the lower box, number one on the left, as the custain descended on the first act of "The Blue Paradise." The comic operetta was being hugely enjoyed by a box party composed of about a dozen young men. These fellows were members of the Patrician Club and were on one of their regular monthly theater parties.

The Patrician Club was an organization composed of wealthy and distinguished young men The sole purpose of the club was good fellowship. For this night "the boys" had decided on "The Blue Paradise" as their vehicle of pleasure. As they discussed the show with one another, two seemed to stand out above the rest. The one, Earl Thomas, was a tall, black-haired, rather good looking youth. He was quite young, only twenty-four, but had gained a large circle of friends, probably because of his genial disposition. He had one fault. He could brag! He did not do it in an offensive way, but nevertheless the boastfulness was there and it cropped out often. His friends, who knew him well, wished that he might be taught a lesson in some way to cure him of his habit. The other, Conway Havens, was also tall and distinguished looking, but his whole bearing bespoke modesty. His eyes, a deep blue, shone true and clear. His hair was touched with gray. He was modest in conversation, as well as in appearance, and his good advice served well the Patrician Club and especially young Thomas, who was rather rash at times. He was older than the rest. There was said to be a story behind his bachelorhood, but his clubmates never felt at liberty to interrogate him regarding this story.

On this evening Thomas noted that Conway Havens appeared very jolly, so he thought this would be an excellent opportunity to get Havens to tell of "the mystery."

"Now, Havens, be a sport! Tell us why you have never taken a sail on the matrimonial sea," said Thomas, jokingly.

"Yes! Yes!! Do!" This from the rest in one voice. Havens protested and said he wouldn't, but after much coaxing he consented.

"Fellows, I don't like to speak of the following incident, but perhaps I owe some sort of an explanation for my lack of interest in the fair sex. Seven years ago, while at Mrs. Van Osterman's Charity Ball, I became acquainted with Norma St. Clair. I was quite taken with her beauty and together we had a very enjoyable evening. Some time later, at the Reynolds' house party, we met again, and there became well acquainted. During the next winter I was a steady caller at her home, and several months later our engagement was announced. The St. Clair's gave a masque ball in honor of the occasion. At the affair was a young man, a friend of the family, who had not long before graduated from the Annapolis Naval Academy. Ensign Wright, that was the fellow's name, was a handsome chap, a very good dancer and, as I heard later, quite romantic. He spent a good part of his leave of absence visiting the St. Clairs. I never thought anything of it, as Norma always had liked to

have many callers. He soon left for a cruise to the East and I forgot all about him, and thought Norma had done the same. Several months later Ensign Wright returned. A few days afterwards I received a note from Norma. All it contained was a ring and a few words saying that she and Wright were being married that day. Too late, I realized, Norma had cared for the navy officer. It was quite a shock to me, for my affection was deep and sincere. I lost my faith in women, and besides I concluded I didn't have brains enough to steer a straight course on the matrimonial sea, as Thomas puts it."

After Havens finished, the fellows remained silent until Thomas burst out enthusiastically:

"Cheer up, old top! Don't give up so easily! Remember the old motto, 'Try, try again, if at first you don't succeed'? Look at me, for instance." (Here one of the crowd coughed nervously, for he knew Thomas's tendency to boast.)

"Look at me," repeated Thomas. "You fellows know Veronica Davies? Well, she's some peach! I am very fond of her, and she of me," he added with an air of confidence. "I know she wished to see this show to-night, but, of course, I couldn't see my way clear to cut out our little party. Now, I don't think she would go with another fellow. She's probably home reading at this very moment! They are not all alike, Havens!"

Earl Thomas slapped Havens on the shoulder and laughed gayly. The rest of the crowd had become used to this bragging air of Thomas, but wished something would bring him to his senses.

Just as the orchestra had finished playing their last number Dick Broad, the son of the Corn King, chanced to look over to the opposite box. There he noticed Montgomery Smythe, who had become noted because of his invention of a new submarine detector, which had been bought by the Government. With him was a strikingly pretty girl. Broad called the group's attention to them and turned to Thomas.

"I say, Earl, who is that pretty little girl with the pretty brown hair in the opposite box with Smythe?"

Thomas turned and looked. He grasped the arm of his chair! His face turned all colors of the rainbow, then became a deep crimson! It was Veronica!

This was the beginning of a campaign, on the part of Thomas's friends, which did not close until he had been thoroughly cured of boastfulness.

Buddy

By Carol A. Ricketts.

BUDDY shook his little curly head and puckered his forehead into a frown. What did he, a big man of six, have to be kissed for? All his mother's friends seemed inclined to pet him and he didn't like it. A man didn't like to be kissed, did he? Buddy was not yet of an age to appreciate these indulgences.

His mother was giving one of those afternoon teas that she gave quite often, and much to Buddy's displeasure he had had to be present.

Nurse had dressed him in a little white linen suit with a buster brown collar and a big flowing tie, socks and patent leather slippers. Indeed one could not blame his mother's friends for desiring to kiss him, for he was a dear with his golden curly hair, and his big blue eyes.

When Buddy thought he had been there long enough he edged over to his mother and asked in a whisper if he might go. His mother frowned a bit and shook her head.

Poor Buddy's plight was pitiful; he crept back into a quiet corner and tried not to be noticed.

He was sitting away back in the big chair, looking cross. The butler announced another arrival. Buddy looked up carelessly but his attitude brightened immediately for through the door came "The Radiant Being." She was a tall, stately beauty, in her early twenties, a young actress, rising to popularity. Buddy had never seen her before, but no sooner had his eyes fallen on her than he was lost. He came out of his corner and started toward her, surrounded as she was by all the ladies, for she was popular.

"This is my little son, Bud," said his mother, presenting him to her. She turned toward him and smiled the most beautiful smile. She didn't kiss him, just stroked his soft curls with a loving touch. Buddy was entirely hers now. He did not again ask his mother if he might leave, but was ever near his fairy princess. Whenever she was not talking to someone she would turn and talk to Buddy. Presently when they saw their chance, they slipped off to a corner to have a chat. Bud told her all the joys and sorrows that he had known in his six short years. She told him some of the interesting events of her childhood. They were becoming very fond of each other indeed. Before she left Buddy did a strange thing, he ran up to his room and brought down his favorite tin soldier. He edged up to her and whispered:

"I—take this, won't you? I—I like you," and he raised his little face to be kissed. His mother was dumb-founded, although she said nothing, for never before had he voluntarily wanted to be kissed.

His princess leaned over and kissed him tenderly. "Thank you, dear; your soldier is lovely. I shall keep it as one of my most prized possessions. I'll see you soon again, I hope," and she left.

Daily Buddy thought of her and made up wonderful romances about her. She was a princess and he the brave knight that rescued her from all evils; dragons and terrible giants he slew as nothing.

It was several weeks before he saw her again for she was very busy rehearsing for a new play.

But one afternoon he and nurse were walking through the park when whom should he see but his princess. She was riding in a big open carriage with a swarm of admirers, on horseback, about her.

Buddy dropped nurse's hand and started to run toward the carriage, with his frightened nurse at his heels, but he was so eager that he outran nurse who came lumbering after him. His princess, attracted by the noise, looked and saw her little knight. She bade the coachman stop and waited until the little shaver scrambled upon the step.

"Oh, Princess," he said, breathlessly, "I've been looking for you so long."

His nurse by this time had reached the carriage, puffing and gasping, "Oh, pardon him—so much—Miss. Sure and I don't know what's come into him. C-come home, right away, Master Buddy."

"No," said the radiant one, answering Buddy's pleading look, "he's a very great friend of mine, he may come riding too."

So, much to the dissatisfaction of the gallants, Bud climbed in next his Princess, and nurse sat grumblingly opposite.

They rode on chatting gaily for quite a way when his princess said, "Buddy, are you coming to see me in my new play next week? It's to be introduced then."

"I—I don't know," he said, "I'd just love to—" and he looked up eagerly into her eyes.

To have such an ardent admirer pleased her and she said laughingly, "Well, you shall come. I'll plead with your mother to let you stay up late that once, and I'll send you tickets so that you may all come."

Buddy's eyes opened wide in wonder and delight, "Oh! Would you? I'll be an awfully good boy if you will. Just see if I'm not, nurse."

"Sure, and you're a pretty good boy, Master Buddy. Only once in a while—but sure, he niver does nothin' awful."

His princess smiled, "Well then, dear, you shall go. I'll fix it."

The following Wednesday night found a very excited and happy Buddy. He could hardly stand still to allow nurse to dress him.

"And she said she's going to be a princess in this, too. Won't that be glorious, nurse?"

"Now, Master Buddy, if ye don't stand still—how am I to dress you? Sure, you'll not see your princess at all if ye don't."

So Buddy stood still, outwardly calm—but inwardly dreaming great dreams.

In the meantime his princess was in deep consultation with the rest of the company and their managers. "It does seem a shame," she said. "It really is quite a good play if only the climax were better—but there seems nothing else to do. I know we've all racked our brains for a better one, but we'll have to leave it as it is, I suppose. I so hope it isn't an awfully critical audience. I'm afraid, though, the play's doomed to be short lived."

Just then one of the stage hands came in to inform them that the little boy, who was to be the princess's page in the court scene had been taken sick and at this late hour they couldn't get another little fellow.

"Oh, how provoking! What am I to do," said the princess. "That was such a pretty little touch—to have the little one carry my train and then sit at the base of my throne. I suppose I can have one of the older pages do it, but it's a shame." Suddenly her face brightened, she turned to one of the helpers near and said hurriedly, "Go out immediately to row K in the orchestra, seats 1, 3, 5, and ask the three there, if they've come yet, to please come behind the scenes—I've something important to ask them." In just a few moments, Buddy and his father and mother arrived. Buddy rushed to his princess.

"My, you look perfectly be-uitful."

"I'm in the most awful predicament," said the princess to Buddy's mother, "but you can help me if you will?"

"Certainly, what can I do," she answered.

"Lend me Buddy, for just this night to be my page."

Buddy's mother looked dubious, but as the Princess and Buddy pleaded so hard and her husband didn't seem to object, she consented.

"You'd better hurry back. The play is starting," said the Princess. So Buddy's parents hurried off leaving him in the actress's care.

She had him dressed in page's costume, and told him when the time came he was to hold her train until they came to her throne, and then sit on the step at her feet. Buddy was delighted so long as he could be near her.

The play was progressing favorably until the court scene. Buddy came in marching grandly holding his lady's train. He had nothing to do but sit at her feet and watch her. It was indeed a pretty sight this little golden-haired boy sitting looking up at the Princess.

The climax of the play was at hand. The villain, the double-dyed bewhiskered kind, was to approach the princess with raised dagger, and as he got nearly to her the courtier's, who up to this time had stood dumb-founded, were to seize him. This would of course make quite a flat cli-

max—but the Princess hoped for the best.

The villain approached, the courtiers stood petrified,, the princess shrank back in her throne, the audience held its breath. Suddenly Buddy, who had sat wide-eyed watching this terrible being approach his Princess with upraised dagger, threw himself between the Princess and her enemy.

"You shan't, you shan't—hurt my Princess," he shouted, frightened and tearful. The courtiers coming from their daze seized the villain and dragged him off. A roar of applause filled the house. Buddy dropped down tearfully at his Princess' feet and she leaned over to lovingly stroke his golden locks. The audience was wild with delight. The Princess took Buddy by the hand and led him down to the footlights. Showers of flowers rained on them. Buddy stood looking from his smiling Princess to the delightful audience.

The play was a great success—Buddy had saved it.

Heretofore Unpublished Correspondence of the President

Hon. Woodrow Wilson,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Cousin Woodrow:

IT'S a long time since I've heard from you directly, but the papers keep me informed of some of your troubles. It was with regret that I read in the Smalltown *Journal* of your being picketed by the suffragists. Does it hurt? I am sure it must be very annoying, and I am devoutly glad you haven't fallen for it. I don't see how you manage German plots, foreign intrigues and your *family* too, with such a cool head, when the suffragists surround you on every side. You are doing a brave thing to venture out of the White House at all, these days.

As for the woman suffrage question, it is all tommy-rot, like a good many other things that have been going on in Washington for the past four years. Why should women want to vote? I, for one, am perfectly content with things the way they are at present. But my wife is for suffrage, just as yours is. Since I have squelched her good and proper every time she opens her mouth about voting, she doesn't say any more about it now than your wife does! Land o'Goshen, Woody, do you remember how the women folks used to work before this high falutin' suffrage question came up? If the modern woman only had to weave the cloth, churn the butter, mold the candles, make the soap, knit the stockings, milk the cows, besides going to church every Sunday with the ten children newly scrubbed and dressed by herself, she'd be glad to let voting alone.

They're even too lazy to rock the cradle any more. By the way, what's happened to that old wooden cradle of yours? Man alive, many's the time I've seen you rolling around in that cradle like a pea in a frying pan. I'll never forget the day that you squalled so long and so hard that Aunt Lib got to rocking the cradle faster and faster until you bounced against the side and bumped your nose so hard that it swelled up and looked like a beet. We always thought that your nose and mouth never got back their original shape again. Nowadays, the doctors being in league with the women folks, say that rocking affects the brains. I say the only way to keep women out of mischief is to keep them busy.

What under the sun do the women have to do to keep busy now, with the new fangled improvements? When they want soap or candles they telephone to a nearby store. When they want light, they turn on a switch—and they get more light in a minute than they could have supplied with candles in a year's labor. When they want heat they push one kind of a button to the janitor; when the milk and butter come in, another button, and up comes the dumb-waiter. You know this is all torn-down foolishness! In spite of all this, my wife is as busy as can be from morning to night. She belongs to two card clubs, the Ladies Aid Society, the Village Improvement Club, the S. P. C. A., and every time those fool Community Welfare Meetings are held, she has to preside, and give a little spiel about gardening, as she has the best little farm anywhere about here.

In your last letter you inquired about our financial condition. As you know, I never was much of a farmer, so Hattie has been taking charge of the place here for the past ten years. In the summer she takes in boarders and has nearly paid off all the mortgage with that money. Her egg and butter returns meet the taxes every year. You really wouldn't know the old house any more since we've had it painted and a new porch added. It it hadn't been for Hattie's pickle and preserve money we couldn't have had this done. Is your wife a hustler, also?

The worst of having a smart wife is, that just because she can take care of her *family,* she thinks she's smart enough to vote! How about that big political convention when you were nominated, Woody, and imagine how our wives would have looked tramping up and down the aisles, waving banners, and shouting for two mortal hours for Teddy Roosevelt! They would have been too exhausted to do another thing for days. No siree! Home's the place for my wife (until that mortgage is paid off, anyway).

That wretched weekly paper of ours ought to

be suppressed. It had a cartoon of you standing at the back door of your home watching a picket tramping up and down in the rain, and inviting her to come in out of the wet, exactly as the whale did to Jonah. But I'm sure you didn't do any such thing, because the girl was a very plain looking creature, and I know you wouldn't be interested in anything like that.

But, I'm afraid I have taken up too much of your time now, in my indignation over the actions of these suffragists. If you ever need anyone to whoop it up for the antis, don't forget to call on me.

Give my love to Edith and the children. I suppose Margaret is a big girl now, and I hope you can keep her away from those suffrage women.

Hoping you will soon find time to let me know the truth about that picket business, I am,

Your old school friend and cousin,

"Bill" Bones.

"Over the Border"

By Chandler Paige Lexington.

"VERY well, Senor Lopez," nodded Mr. Granger, "you can expect the wagons at eight." Turning to the daughter of Senor Lopez, "*Adios, Senorita.*" Mr. Granger, agent for the Arizona Transportation Company, disappeared in the direction of the American border.

Vincent Lopez was a rich land owner in Northern Mexico, his property being located less than five miles from the border. He was one of the few Mexicans of any prominence who seemed to be able to avoid being a participant in any of the numerous revolutions. He appeared to have no sympathy for any party.

As the late visitor of Senor Lopez drove away, a cloud of dust was noticed about a half mile down the road in the opposite direction. As it drew nearer it was perceived to rise behind a patrol of American soldiers. Since Pershing's expedition into Mexico, this section of the country had been frequently visited by the soldiers of the United States who kept order and gave relief to the poverty stricken *peons*. The patrol halted before the Lopez mansion and the young lieutenant in command, Ronald Dawson, dismounted. Lieutenant Dawson had met Senor Lopez before while on duty, and after becoming acquainted with his daughter, Eldora, his visits became more frequent.

"*Buenos tardes,* Lieutenant," called Senor Lopez from his porch, "up and doing, as usual, I see."

"Yes, and it is some hot, too," answered Dawson, "to be exact, just 112 degrees in the shade, with no shade," he added. He was greeted very cordially by Eldora, who enjoyed the soldier's company immensely.

"Come, let us go into the arbor, where is it cool, and we'll have some refreshments," she suggested.

"Yes, do, Lieutenant," added Lopez, "you will excuse me?"

The Lieutenant and Eldora retired to the cool (?) arbor. She told him of the poverty stricken *peons* whose homes had been sacked in the campaign of the Revolutionists in that neighborhood.

"Father has arranged with the Arizona Transportation Company, through a Mr. Granger, to bring provisions into this section, to relieve the hunger stricken population. He is well able to do that."

"That is noble of him," remarked Dawson, "if only more of your people would settle down and follow the natural paths of life, there would be less agitation and unrest in your country." After an enjoyable half hour Dawson returned to his patrol, which was at rest in a small grove.

That night after arriving at the border, Dawson was detailed as officer of the guard which protected the bridge across the Rio Grande. At 6 o'clock he went on duty; at 7 a wagon train was seen approaching. Apparently, it wished to cross. The leader dismounted and approached Dawson.

"Lieutenant, I wish to cross with these wagons of produce," he explained, "the condition of the Mexicans hereabout is so appalling that Senor Lopez has engaged my concern to transport foodstuffs to this section."

"So I have heard, sir," answered Dawson. After taking a glance at the contents of the wagons, which appeared to be well loaded with produce of all kinds, he wrote out to Mr. Granger, for such was the gentleman's name, a pass. The party passed over the bridge and disappeared in the dusk of the evening.

Mr. Granger was chuckling to himself!

Two days later, while preparing his patrol for one of their periodical inspections, Dawson received the following message:

"Headquarters, 14th Cavalry,
Flagstaff, Arizona.

Lieutenant Dawson:

Reports of unrest among Mexicans in your section. Investigate.

COL. HARRISON,
Commanding 14th, Cavalry.

Dawson followed out the instructions but found no disturbance of any kind, so, when he was returning, finding that he was on the back road of the Lopez estate, he determined to stop off

(*Continued on page* 35.)

THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1917.

WHY!
A CAUSE. A REMEDY.

Past events have proven that there is something wrong! Our boys work and grind to gain a place on one of our athletic teams but make no strenuous effort to secure a place on debating teams, the ACROPOLIS staff, or in the prize speaking contest. There is a reason!

What incentive is there for a student to strive for a position on any one of the latter group of school activities? You say, "Experience and skill." Quite so! In athletic contests also one gains skill, and health, and to be sure, honor—but the authorities do not stop there; they give medals, they uniform the contestants, they present trophies, they send the teams to the big games and meets, and above all, they confer the much-prized "B." What do they do for purely intellectual contests and contestants? Absolutely nothing! It seems that the intellectual side of school contests is woefully neglected. Let it be understood that a debater must "train" just as the athlete. He must give up the same amount of time. Indeed, as Mr. Stearns lately remarked, "A debater cannot be made over night." All this seems to pass unnoticed by the students and authorities. Give a debater some incentive, some goal to reach. Give him something tangible to fight for. Is it possible "the powers that be," do not think contestants in the intellectual field worthy of the attention given our athletes? Why not suitably recognize contests of wits as well as of brawn?

Would the school ever think of presenting our victorious debaters with medals, such as are given in colleges for diligent and faithful work?

In a measure the same condition exists with respect to the ACROPOLIS board. The experience gained is invaluable, but this can only be obtained by holding one of five positions. There is nothing done by the school authorities to make a position on our school paper valuable.

Practice in public speaking is of great value. It is through the kindness and faithfulness of one of our faculty that such students as desire are permitted to compete in a contest. Ability to think clearly and to speak effectively while before an audience is an important feature of a

practical education. The Board of Education sees fit to support a monster athletic meet at the City Field for the Newark High School Championship, but would never think of holding a prize speaking contest for the city championship of high schools. Public speaking is given absolutely no official recognition in our high school system, and when it is necessary for a contest to be personally run by a member of the faculty and for the prizes to come from a private source in no way obligated, it is high time something be done.

In as much as public speaking is of more value to a pupil in the College Preparatory Course than any subject of the curriculum, with the exception of English, and in as much as Asbury Park High School has established such a department with great success, we would suggest that a Department of Public Speaking and Debate be established in Barringer High School.

We do not mean to be pessimistic or critical, but the lack of enthusiasm toward debating, the ACROPOLIS and public speaking set us to thinking. It was then that we realized, much to our sorrow, what an unimportant place these activities are given in the "Court of Recognition!"

A WORD ABOUT PATRIOTISM.

WHAT is patriotism? Is a man patriotic because he can sing the "Star-Spangled Banner," because he salutes when the colors pass on parade, because he talks about enlisting if a call is made for volunteers? No, this is not patriotism. It is the mere outer shell, which, if it is not founded on good old American spirit, is worthless.

Let us take these outward signs up one at a time and analyze them. First, the singing. The Government authorizes the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" only at the ceremony called "Retreat" which is held at sun-down on military reservations. The "National Anthem" is played while the flag is being lowered. The troops stand at attention in battalion or regimental formation. The spectators rise and stand facing the flag staff all during the playing. They do not sing!

Next, the saluting when the colors pass on parade. Many do not know how to execute a simple military salute. Some assume a ridiculous posture which they think is "attention," and stiffly or slouchily, as the mood suits them, raise one hand or the other to their heads. Why not simply straighten the shoulders and remove the hat, holding it with the right hand, over the heart, until the colors have passed? This is the form that Uncle Sam prescribes for the officers and men of his army and navy, when they are in civilian clothes.

Lastly, it is usually the man who talks the most about enlisiting that does the least when the call comes! Why not get a little training in advance? We don't mean for High School fellows to enlist in the regular army, but we do mean that they —the ablebodied ones—should spend four weeks during the summer in a military training camp, where they would have to work a bit for their food, but where they would gain valuable training and also show of what stuff they are made. The Government pays all expenses of the men, but still few go.

We understand that some fellows are forced to work in the summertime, so that they may go to school in the winter. To such we say, "If you can do nothing else for your country, throw back your shoulders and stand up straight; this is better than talking." To the other fellows we say, "Show your gumption, grit and patriotism by spending four weeks this summer in a military training camp.

ORIGINALITY.

Will the school body ever cease to follow in the footsteps of its predecessors? Does it ever occur to the pupils of this school to do something different? Something original?

The world thrives on originality. Fabulous sums have been paid merely for an original name for breakfast foods, clothes, etc. Fortunes are changing hands every day because of some original scheme. The high school is the place to develop our wits. Why not do so?

Instead of having each class day, each graduation the same, why not do something different? The idea of painting the class motto on the fence opposite the school is overgrown with moss.

It seems that Barringer students should be capable of executing more original and more appropriate ideas than painting fences. Let the presence of Barringer students be felt in this world of originality.

ALARMING!

As we observe and study our fellow students we marvel at the number who appear wholly without ambition—in their studies. This is shown by their faces and their remarks in the class room and in recitation. What is the matter with them? Do they not appreciate the value of preparedness—preparedness for life? Why do they sit idly in the class room with "eyes that see not and ears that hear not?" We are sure their school life must be a bore to them, as we are certain that these ambitionless, spineless people themselves are bores to us.

Do they know that they are wasting some of the best years of their lives—years which should be zealously devoted to discipline and learning how to think. It is the time of preparation—of getting ready for the big game—Life. It is foolish to be obliged to start with a handicap—a handicap of inadequate schooling.

GIRLS!

When one stops to realize what important places in the business world women are securing in these days he is astounded! A few years ago a successful business woman was the exception. But now women are entering the strongholds of all professions. There are to-day successful women lawyers and doctors—and politicians! For the first time in our history a woman sits in the House of Representatives!

To-day woman has the same chance as man. Therefore, girls, grasp your opportunities. If you are able to secure a college education, go to it! If you would not become a professional woman you have many other uses for a college education. One of the best paid and most promising occupations is the dry goods business. There are more women earning large salaries in the stores than there are in any other profession. Indeed, Mr. Brisbane, one of the world's greatest editorial writers, recently said that a young woman who enters a big store and proves that she possesses good taste and ability as a buyer, may actually enter upon a great, well paid commercial career.

There is room in the stores, there are good positions and large salaries for thousands of educated young women; therefore, girls, secure that college education if you can, and always remember that in both the commercial and professional world you have a good chance to become financially independent.

NEW JERSEY EDITORS' LEAGUE.

East Side High School was the place of the regular monthly meeting of the New Jersey Editors' League, on March 10th. The association was further strengthened by the addition of Central High School of Newark, and the rejoining of Rutherford High School, which had been a member the previous year.

Mr. Laughton, faculty adviser of *The Orient,* East Side High School, gave the delegates a hearty welcome. Alderman Hahn, a member of the Board of Estimate, spoke on the connection of the school paper with the city.

The newspaper game was then discussed thoroughly by Mr. Coakley, of the Newark *Star-Eagle,* who answered all questions pertaining to journalism. Refreshments were served and Mr. Pickwick, Principal of East Side, complimented the association on its work.

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH, 1917.

Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, J. Murray Duguid, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.

Room 26. Alexander Lewi, Harry Schaeffer, Marguerite Schlueter.

Room 31. Yardley Chittick, Edith Gansler, Virgil Pennington, Edna Walls.

Room 33. Harold Erickson, Dorothy Hedden, Esther Lefkowitz.

Room 35. Jack Ross.

Room 37. Charles Amsterdam, Esther Berlly, Anna Kabis, David Marshall, Arthur Raymond.

Room 41. Wesley Alheit, Edmund Cox.

Room 42. Leland Howell, Israel Pogast, Julius Stein, Hyman Levy.

Room 43. Paul Gleim.

Room 45. William Fleishfart, Clarissa Hulse.

Room 50. Jean Judson, Marion Smith, Teresa Walsh.

Room 51. Louis Kanengieser, Frank Leibe, Charles Smith, Francis Walton, Walter Weinberg, Fred Laifer.

Room 55. Paul Comperchio, Harris Mendelson, Lillian Pomeroy, Irving Ams, Edythe Potoker, Saul Zucker.

Room 57. Wilbur Schenkel, Sidney Ramo.

Room 59. Wendell Fitzgerald, Francis Gordinier, Dorothy McEntee, Muriel Reiss, Marguerite Rusby.

Room 85. A. M. Louis Huckman, Philip Nohemie, Morris Shlan, Katherine Wicks.

Room 86 A. M. Celia Nolbert, Alice Dodge, Matilda Strassburger, Lena Olshan.

Room 60. Elizabeth Albert, Anna O'Malley, Emily Wahl.

Room 61. Grace Bottelli, Mary Fisher, Mary Glover, Madelyn Halter.

Room 63. John Dana.

Room 66. Helen Kussy, Elsie Steinmetz.

Room 67. Garrett Stearly.

Room 69. Anita Ure, Mildred Taylor.

Room 76. Estelle Kamm.

Room 81. Miss Biddleman, Miss Edsall, Miss Fishel, Miss Handler, Miss Lanning, Miss Wahl, Miss Morgan.

Room 82. John Cairns, Sherman Corwin, Lucile Jessurun.

Room 83 P. M. RUSSELL ZABRISKIE, Emily Eckel, Harry Haussling.

Room 85 P. M. Sylvia Rosenstein.

Room 86 P. M. Irving Bortnicker, Sam Ehrenkrang, Anna Johnston.

Room 87 P. M. Gertrude Homer, Corinne Jedel, Elizabeth Kraemer, Florence Taylor, Evelyn Thompson.

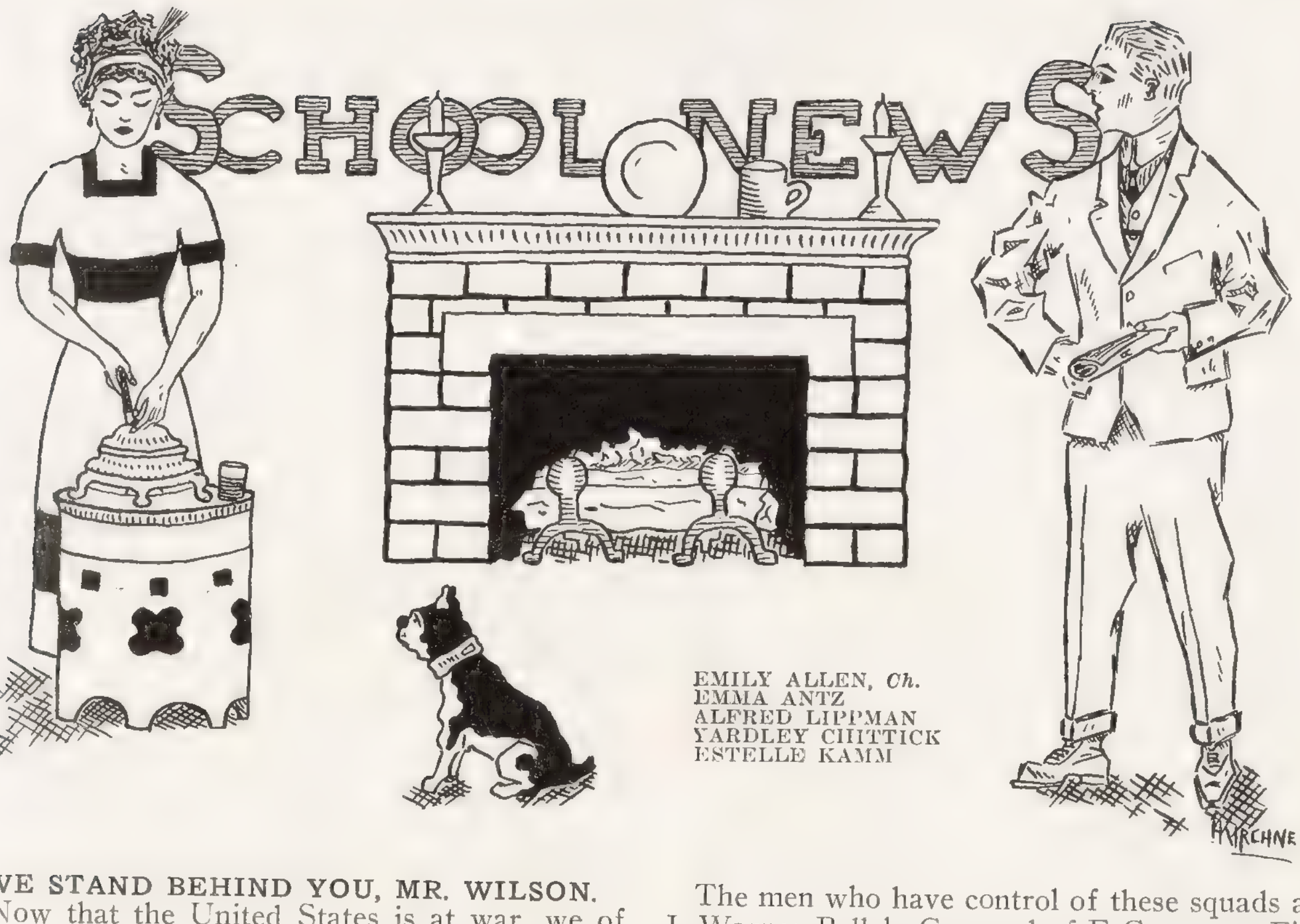
Room 87. A. M. Sam Matharins, Helen Sichel, Morris Weckstein.

Room 9 A. M. Bernice Cooper, Anna DeHart, Margaret Denton, Louise Durand, Margaret Mashek, Mary Meeker, Walter Scott, Walter Schroeder, Peter Strebinger.

Room 92 A. M. Olga Sangenecker, Isabella Cary, Edna Ahe, Gertrude Meister.

Room 93. Dorothy Kitchin.

Room 95 A. M. Wilbur Baldwin, George Cohen.



WE STAND BEHIND YOU, MR. WILSON.

Now that the United States is at war, we of Barringer will do our part. Although most of our boys are too young to enlist, they will aid their country in numerous other ways.

First, a word about those who were eligible to enlist and *did!* Six of our boys have been sworn into the service as members of the Essex Troop. They are Edward Barney, Howard Bradley, Gilbert Gregory, Bennett Harrison, Judd Neal and Beekman Schaeffer. John Bergey has joined the Marine Corps. To these fellows we extend most hearty congratulations. We know that they will serve the red, white and blue with as much vigor as they have the dear old blue and white.

Louis Kuehnle and others have made applications for enlistment in the different branches of the service. We wish them all success.

The Barringer Battalion is being reorganized on a new basis. Seven fellows of the school who have been judged as fit for leadership, will form squads of eight men each. Each squad will drill two days a week for two hours. As soon as a man is drilled to the extent that he can take the leader's place, then the former leader forms a new eight, which combined with his first eight makes a platoon. Only picked men will be included in these squads. The squads will uniform themselves as soon as possible and will be used to guard bridges, munition plants, or to supplement the Home Guard, just as the students of the Pennsylvania Military Institute were rushed out from their classes to patrol the grounds of the Eddystone munition plant at Chester, Pennsylvania after the explosion.

The men who have control of these squads are J. Warner Bellah, Corporal of E Company, First Junior Training Regiment, Fort Terry; Burke Boyce, Corporal H Company, First Junior Training Regiment, Fort Terry; Dan Noble, First Junior Training Regiment; Stanley Marshall, First Training Regiment; Willard Van Houten, First Training Regiment; Willard Wells of the Essex Corps of Cadets, and Daniel Ecker. Under these fellows' leadership a nucleus for a reorganized battalion will be formed.

The girls are not to be outdone. Under the competent leadership of Miss Charlotte Pullin, they have organized a Surgical Dressing Unit. Here's luck to them.

As this paper goes to press, Newark, in proportion to population, has the highest enlistment of the country. Keep up the good work!

Barringer stands behind you, Mr. Wilson!

DEFEAT WITH HONOR.

The Sunny Siders took the boys who sport the "Blue and White" into camp on Friday, March 23. But they certainly didn't best us without a fight. This occurred in the second round of the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating after we had won from Central, and South Side from East Orange. The topic for debate was, "Resolved, that a compulsory arbitration law should be enacted to settle all labor disputes on railroads and other common carriers, constitutionality conceded." The following upheld the affirmative for Barringer: Milton Finkelstein, Thomas Urmy, Morris Jacobowitz and Irving Ams, alternate;

while the following spoke on the negative for South Side: Alexander Avidon, Charles Handler and Frederick H. Groel.

With a crowd of enthusiastic rooters behind each team the fur began to fly from the first crack of the gun. The boys all deserve praise, but South Side was especially strong in rebuttal. The vote of the judges was 2 to 1 in favor of South Side.

The orchestra of our opponents entertained with many pleasing selections. The introductory remarks given by Assistant Superintendent of Schools E. K. Sexton were enjoyed by the entire audience. Cheering was a feature of the evening; the building fairly shook as the cheers rang through its halls. Then we came home defeated but happy.

Never was a debate more keenly fought. The school takes this opportunity to congratulate the team, and also the coaches, Mr. Barr and Mr. Haggett. A good showing like this should arouse such interest in debate that next year we shall be able to do still better. Loyal support of the Rostrum and continuous practice in debating will bring the desired results.

MATHEMATICS CLUB.

Have you heard about the Math Club? The first meeting was held March 2. A committee, composed of Yardley Chittick, Robert MacKenzie and Charles Smith,, was chosen to draw up a constitution. The club met again March 16. At this meeting the constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: President, Vergil Pennington; Vice-President, Robert MacKenzie; Secretary, Yardley Chittick; Treasurer and Faculty Adviser, Mr. Johnson; Executive Committee, Irving Ams, John Foster, Max Tendler.

The purposes of the club are to study the history of mathematics, to solve problems which have puzzled students for many years, and to prove a number of interesting facts.

The club is open to all pupils who have finished at least one year of mathematics. So come join the club now, while it is new, and "grow up" with it.

SCIENCE CLUB.

Talks on various subjects were given by members of the Science Club at the meeting on March 14. Alice Everding spoke on "The manufacture and refinement of sugar"; Saul Zucker, on the life of Farraday; and Stephen Golinsky, on the history of the submarine. The last talk was illustrated by charts.

B. B. B. B.

The regular meeting of the 4B class was held on March 5. General class plans were discussed. The president named the following members of the pin committee: Sanford Gregory, Chairman, Ruth Ten Eyck, Frances Bencke, Emma Antz, George Wallhauser and Norman Roder. Emma Antz was appointed chairman of the dedication gift committee.

A special meeting was called on March 29, when, after a short discussion, the ring and pin selected by the committee were accepted by the class.

On March 28, President Terhune presented a beautiful American flag to the school on behalf of the 4B class, following Mr. Stearn's suggestion that the upper classes show their patriotism and school spirit in this way.

THE ROSTRUM.

The subject, "Resolved, that Newark adopt the new city charter, to go into effect at once," was debated in the Rostrum on March 15. The affirmative side was upheld by Angeline Caprio and Marco Angelillo; the negative, by Emma Antz and Richard Maguire. The negatives were warned to "beware the ides of March," but they did not, and lost the debate. However, there was some consolation in the fact that it took the judges a long time to decide.

For March 29, the question read, "Resolved that all telephone and telegraph systems should be owned and operated by the Government." There was only one speaker on each side. Alfred Biederman had the negative side, and Harry Rinski the affirmative. The negative was given the verdict.

MORNING TALKS.

This month we have listened to several interesting morning talks. The following topics have been discussed:

March 6. "Preparedness," Charles Amsterdam.
" 7. "Lloyd George on Lincoln," David Marshall.
" 15. "The President's Veto," Morris Kosches.
" 16. "The Literacy Test," Barton Strahan.
" 21. "The Great War and Temperance," Philip Noheomie.
" 23. "The Evils of Militarism," Elsie Brown.

THE THREE M'S.

Mr. A. Gibbons, head of the boys' department of the Boston Y. M. C. A., visited Barringer March 7, and spoke to the school about the three M's—Muscle, Mind and Morals. He emphasized the fact that although Muscle is one of the main characteristics of worth-while men, Mind and Morals are equally important. Mr. Gibbons concluded his talk by reading a poem called, "Do the Best you Can." Everyone who heard the address should profit by it.

CIVICS CLUB.

An interesting program was carried out at a meeting of the Civics Club, last month. Miss Ada Stoddard spoke about Juvenile Courts and Miss Mildred Curry explained the Probation Sys-

tem. Both girls discussed the subjects well, for they had visited the Juvenile Court during one of its sessions and so had learned many things in regard to its work. This is but one of the entertaining programs which have been arranged for the term.

The Civics Club has many advantages, for it gives both the first and second year Civic students an opportunity to discuss current topics. Its members also, gain experience in public speaking and debating, and it forms a preparatory school for those who wish to become members of the Rostrum or the Interscholastic Debating Team. It is hoped more students will take advantage of the many valuable opportunities given them in this most interesting of clubs.

GLEE CLUBS.

Barringer's artists are being revealed! On June 8, in the auditorium, the Girls' Glee Club, the Boys' Glee Club and the Barringer orchestra will give a recital. The most important part is the singing of the "Creation," by the Glee Clubs.

The "Creation" is one of the great oratorios. It was composed by Josef Haydn. The song is in seven parts, giving the history told in Genesis about the creation of the world and describing the creation from day to day. Not all the soloists have yet been chosen, but it is known that they will be selected from among the best known artists in New York.

RADIO CLUB.

(Omitted from last issue.)

The reorganization meeting of the Radio Club took place several weeks ago. The following officers were elected: President, Mortimer O. Salzman; Vice-President, Dudley Foster; Secretary, John Dana; Treasurer, Angelo Marzulli; Chairman of Membership Committee, Harvey Williams; Program Committee, Harris Mendelson. Fifty-six cents was assessed upon each member of the club to help pay for part of the apparatus, and the boys will secure the remainder. Illustrations were drawn on the board of a receiving set with inductively coupled transformer and vacuum valve.

At a later meeting, Kenneth Taylor gave a talk on the "Wireless Antennæ," and Dudley Foster spoke on "Detectors." After this the members practiced Morse code. The meeting adjourned at 4.30.

March 26, Harry Pruden came down from East Orange High School and spoke to the Radio Club on "Turners and Loose Couplers." It was decided to practice code for an hour after each meeting, and to teach all those desirous of learning.

A. A. A. A.

The 4A's met on April 9 inst. A vote of thanks was given to the members of the faculty and the students who helped make the 1B social a success. The president was empowered to appoint a class day and a commencement committee. Miss Darnell asked the 4A's to write an original song—both words and music. She offered her help to anyone who was ambitious enough to compose music for the song. The question of individual pictures for the Senior ACROPOLIS was left open until the president called a special meeting. The motto, *"Nostra alma mater, nostra urbs, nostra patria"* was chosen as the Senior motto. For class day, it seems quite probable that three one-act plays will be given.

DER DEUTSCHEN VEREIN.

Die monatliche Versammlung des Deutschen Vereins fand am 19 März statt. Herr Nicklas sprach über „Faust." Die Mitglieder des Vereins werden in naher zukunft eissen Teil von Schiller's „Wilhelm Tell" aufführen.

SPECIAL EXERCISES.

At our weekly singing drill on March 9, Miss Darnell played for us Mendelssohn's "Consolation." On March 15, Benjamin Potaker favored and Miss Darnell played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" preceding her selection by telling under what circumstances the piece was written.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

One morning during the latter part of March, Mr. Stearns suggested that the different class organizations present flags to the school. The very next day, March 28, the president of the 4B class presented a flag to Mr. Stearns and the school, in behalf of his class. The second class to respond was the 2A class of room 37. Their banner was presented on March 30. This is a very good example set by a single room not belonging to a regular class organization.

PATRIOTIC EXERCISES.

On Friday morning, March 30, at the request of the City Superintendent of Schools, we met together in the auditorium to hold patriotic exercises. William Riker read an extract from Horace Porter's address on "Reverence For the Flag." James Berry read about "Flag Etiquette." The rest of the hour was spent in singing patriotic airs and in listening to the victrola. At the close of the hour, Mr. Stearns made the statement that during the present crisis, he had not heard a remark by teacher or pupil in Barringer that did not indicate devotion and loyalty to our own country. We are sure this loyal spirit will never change at Barringer.

THE DISCUSSION CLUB.

During the past month the Barringer Discussion Club has been extremely fortunate in obtaining excellent speakers. Lieutenant Karl Egge, of the Bamberger Cadet Corps, a graduate of Barringer, gave a very interesting account of his experiences at Plattsburg, and of the benefit derived from attending that training camp. Walter Lily, a prominent lawyer, spoke on "Uplifting the

Underman," "Bowery Y. M. C. A.," and "Hadley Mission." Ralph Summer, lately assistant religious director of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., delivered an interesting address on "Service."

A. A. A. IDEAS.

The Class of June, 1918, stole a march on the school at their meeting in March. They decided to take steps to raise funds to purchase a motion picture machine and present it to the school. The following committee was appointed by President Gregory to have charge of raising the funds: Alfred J. Lippman, Chairman, John de Blois Wack, Charles Frazier and Charles Pilling. It was also decided to hold a sociable in April. The chairman of the committee in charge is Florence Noble.

The first event in the raising of the fund for the moving picture projector was a dance held in the gym on March 28.

RUSSIA.

On Monday, March 26, Mr. Milwitzky spoke to the students in the history classes and all others interested on this very timely topic. Mr. Milwitzky, by virtue of having been born in Russia and having lived there for a part of his life, was able to give us an insight into the true conditions prevailing in Russia. He could not see how a people so entirely unhomogeneous could suddenly become a unit of sufficient strength to put down a government as strong as the great autocracy of Russia. Then too, many of the people, he pointed out, were so ignorant that the instigators of this movement would find trouble in making them comprehend the true situation. The official class whose incomes depended upon this despotic government must also be taken into consideration. Would it be possible for this element, strong as it is, to return the Czar to the throne? The lecture was enjoyed immensely by all, and we surely left the auditorium much more enlightened on the subject of Russia.

THE A. A. A. DANCE.

The 3A class made an innovation in Barringer's social activities, when they conducted an open dance in the gymnasium, on the afternoon of March the 28th. The affair was a great success from all angles. A large crowd turned out and everybody seemed to have the spirit which tends to make a dance of this kind go. Besides this, the music and refreshments were both excellent, all of which helped to send the dancers home in a happy frame of mind.

The dance was held by the 3A class for the purpose of making money with which they intend to purchase a moving pictures machine for the school. This first effort was purely experimental. And since the dance was so successful, it will be followed by others. We know that those who went the first time will surely go again and we hope to find more students at each succeeding dance. At any rate, the Junior A class must be praised for their action.

CIRCLE FRANCAISE.

The Circle Française is one of Barringer's most active organizations. Hardly a month goes by, without an entertainment of some kind. The big stunt for March was their giving a sociable for the French Clubs of the Montclair, Glen Ridge, East Orange, South Side and East Side High Schools, on the 25th of the month. To begin with, the Reception Committee heartily welcomed the visitors and ushered them into the auditorium, where they enjoyed a talk in French, by Mr. Milwitzky. Then all adjourned to the gymnasium for a social hour. During the dancing, refreshments were served, much to the delight of everybody.

A great deal of credit must go to Mr. Milwitzky for the success of these affairs. He seems to have the happy knack of being able to put things of this sort through. All that is needed to make the Circle Française of Barringer High School the best one in this neighborhood is the proper kind of support from the pupils in the French department. We hope to see a larger turnout at the next meeting.

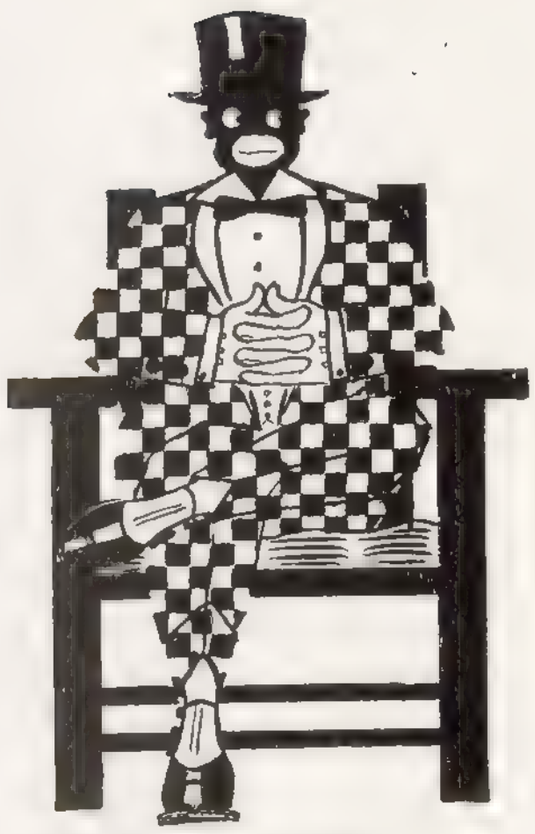
Since the beginning of the term, a number of the pupils studying French have been admitted to the *Alliance Française,* the national French organization in the United States, as pupil members. This is very fine, indeed, and we urge everyone who is able to apply for membership. Further details may be secured from Mr. Milwitzky.

THE THALIANS.

On Thursday, March 8th, the Thalians gave their annual play and dance, the former taking place in the auditorium, and the latter in the gymnasium. Admittance was gained by invitation only, but since the necessary cards were easily forthcoming, a large number of students were on hand. The entertainment commenced with a one-act comedy, entitled, "The Far-Away Princess," in which there was enough humor to keep the audience in a happy mood. Considering the short time in which the play was gotten up, the principals must be commended for their fine work. Then the guests retired to the gymnasium. With the aid of some good music, dancing was enjoyed until 5.30. Even then, everybody seemed reluctant to go home. Come again, Thalians!

* * * * * * *

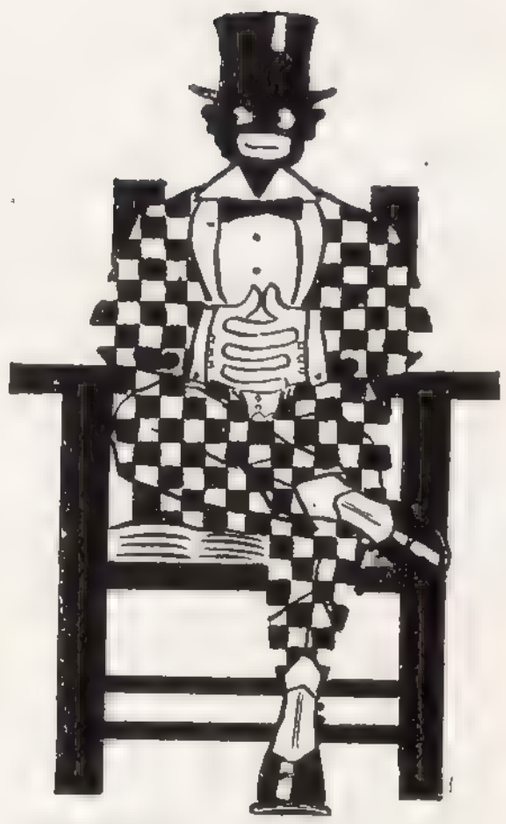
Preparations are well under way for the big annual production of the Thalians which, this year, will be "The School for Scandal." Everybody knows what a great success "The Tradesman Turned Gentleman," which our Thespians gave last year, was, but it is predicted that this new attempt will far surpass that of a year ago. It will be presented some time in May.



GRACE CAIRNS

Well, Mr. Bones?

NORMAN BERRY, *Ch.*
WALTER TAYLOR
SANFORD GREGORY
STANLEY JACOBUS



KENNETH CARRINGTON

Cashimura Nogo

By J. Warner Bellah.

(Hon. Jap boy decide to be Wall St. capitalblist.)

ONE fine up-to-date young Sprang morn. Hon Nogo roll out of wrong side of bed within half our of school-to-begin-time as per usual. Quick to get drest and down to breakfast at table. While eating I casualty place finger & thum of rite hand into little coin pocket of vest. Tuff luck. As per usual he are M. T. I try hard to think of last happy time when he are complete with contents, but alas; no can. I are broke. For long time past Hon. Nogo are badly bent, but now I are broke.

Sadly & slowly I run to school, lest to be defenshunated for lateness. I dodge all peoples to whom money are dew by I'm. I sleep threw Awditoremum and then travel to first period for study. But no can study. M. T. cash pockets in vests are trouble myself. What to do? All threw morning comes same thought, what to do? cash-cash are imperitive for to get along otherwise—cold roast beef! Which are not pleasant.

Final jest afore lunch-lunch dismisstal, notice are red.

"All boys who wisht to have $1 for P. M. Off-ice of Hon. Stern.

Like shot from poot-poot cannon, Cash fly out of room, down corrigator et into Hon. Sacred Off-ice of Hon Stern.

"Have cum for job, have cum for job," I swallow.

"G to 26" renig Hon. Friend-Stern.

I go. In 26 I find amologous crowd of boys, all to have thum & finger in M. T. cash pockets of vests.

Soon income hon Prin. W. E. S. He tell us that Hon telephone Co are two have books deliver at ½c for each which if two hundred are deliver after school are $1.00 for deliverer which will be Hon Nogo think I because sewers which are good respectacles for books to be thrown down. Then Hon Friend Prin say ½c are two be payed to each old book that deliverers are to bring back. Therefore to get cash pockets filled most quick Nogo must deliver books to bring back old ones.

At 3.00 o'clock in the P. M. I are at telephone Co. I get 25 books (twenty-five) to deliver on Broom St where all names are end in "stein," "witz" or "sky." I deliver. To Imagine. I work one our and back all sore like blazes from carrying books, but I are heppy, I make 22½c in one our. I go back to telephone Co for more book. I get 20 to deliver. Somehow by accidental mishap of catastrophy I fall in snow and get books wet, thereupon having hard time to get peoples to take them. At end of day I have been in 2 saloons, 3 butchers shop, 2 plumbers, 1 drug store, 1 doctors and 17 second hand clodings shops and all together make $.40c—verra good pay for 2½ ours work. But back all terrible swore.

Nex day I are again at telephone Co. First load are 25 books which go to 4 saloons, 3 garbages of autos, 2 tailors 1 theatre, Jackie Clark's cafe, and 14 second hand clodings shops of Broom St variety. Total make for that day are 60½ sents.

Nex day I are verry near to be invalid of two days sore back still unwell. But mangage to make 50½c by going to 7 saloons, 3 bakers, 2 electrickshuns, 5 fractories, 3 garbages, 4 houses and the rest second hand clodings stores as per usual. When I hand in time checks, gentleman behind cage pass out $1.50 which I immediate place in cash pockets of vests which are then no longer M. T.

That night I go to Hon. paper-board called Acrop. meeting with lordly air of to have much coin as are said in slang-phrase. I have fine time, with my new $1.50.

Next morning I get up at 11.30 of the A. M. get drest into clothes and put hand into coin pockets. Alast! it are once again M. T.

Yours as Ever
Cashimura Nogo.

P. S. If the Acrop. Ed in Chef will pay up, once more Hon Nogo will be Wall St capitablist.

LIMERICKS.

Our executive Wayland E. Stearns
For good order in Barringer yearns,
From the platform he calls, please behave in the halls
Or else a sad lesson you'll learn.

There is a girlie, Miss Prell,
Who knows her work very well.
She studies so hard, she gets tens on her card
This bright little girlie, named Prell.

Mrs. Caspiri (to disorderly student)—You were speaking?

Student—I was speaking to myself.

Mrs. Caspiri—If you speak to others it is disorderly but if you speak to yourself it's a disease.

Teacher (emphatically to disorderly class)—The only way to be quiet is to keep still.

Mrs. Caspiri—The student copying in the back of the room may use one ear to listen and one ear—

Miss Yelton—To write!

Miss Belcher (in history)—The water supply in Newark is good now, but when I was young I drank the Passaic River.

Miss Kussy (in English)—Aunt Silas Marner looked like a *scepter*.

Miss Pullen—You squeeze the life out of that poor compass.

Helen (in English)—Hey, what did Eliot write?

Emily—Oh, the "Floss on the Mill" and the "Foam on the Beer."

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Vartre dux in aro—forty ducks in a row.
Passus sum jam—pass us some jam.
Boni leges Cæsaris—bony legs of Cæsar.

YE OLD CLIFTON LINE.

1B—How far from here do you live?

Soph.—Oh, a ten minute's walk or an hour's ride on the trolley!

Father—Is that young man gone?

Dotty—Awfully, pa.

IN CHEM. LAB.

Mr. D.—If alkali are bases, what do you conclude?

Brilliant—You're off your alkali.

MURDER!

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su;
And an E and a Y and an E spell I
Pray what is a fellow to do?
Then if an S and an I and a G
Plus H-E-D spell cide,
There's not much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit siouxeyesighed.

Said A-2-B
I-C-U-R
Inclined 2-B-A-J.
Said B-2-A
U'r mind I-C
Shows signs of slight D-K.

Teacher—What are you laughing at, Miss Clark, not at me I hope?

Julia—Oh, no, sir.

Teacher—Then what is there to laugh at?

Cæsar said the Romans used horses;
Then why we can't, I don't see,
For the Romans knew the tough old language
Fully twice as well as we.

—*Ex.*

Now limericks may be funny,
And limericks may be fine,
But if you tried to write one
You'd find it wouldn't rhyme.

Mr. Stonisfer (after explaining something)—Now I suppose that's about as clear as mud?

Voice from Rear—Yes, that covers the ground.

Miss Thorpe—Now DeVan, explain these lines.

Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

Muller—Well, I think it means to walk along lightly and gracefully, like a horse.

Walton (translating)—The people listened with their ears erect.

Prof.—That sounds like a "horse," Francis.

Prof.—Walton, what was the most important reform given to the Plebians?

Francis—The right to marry.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a tallow candle,
Because the bill
For gas was still
Too large for them to handle.

Jack Sprat would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean,
But the price of meat
Had got them beat
So they left their platters clean.

A youth went out one evening
To call upon a Miss.
And when he reached her residence

this.

like

steps

the

mounted

He

Her father met him at the door,
He did not see the Miss
Nor will he go there any more
For

he

came

down

like

this!

To a youthful aspirant for the Board:
In English you may be good,
But as a poet you're rather crude.
If these lines are your best,
"Go west, young man, go west."

HEARD IN ENGLISH CLASS.

Apollo, a sea-nymph, sat on a brick in the ocean.

Maguire—You must have an awful time shaving?
Walton—Why?
Maguire—Because you have such an awful cheek.

LOST AND FOUND COLUMN.

(Advertising rates gladly furnished.)

Lost:

Two ounces and three curls of Danny's hair (at the barber's). Liberal reward offered for same. Apply the ACROPOLIS.

A new way for wasting periods. Unanswerable questions gladly furnished. Lessons given free. Each question guaranteed to cause a discussion lasting at least fifteen minutes. Apply Berry, Room 99, fourth period.

A way to keep order in the Sanctum by the ed-in-chief. Methods gladly furnished. Apply Taylor, 26, or Berry, 32.

A second Barney in Jacobowitz. Absently solid. Knows the jiu-jitsu.

A small hand mirror. Will the owner please claim same to settle the dispute between Sachs and Boyce, as to the rightful owner.

IN PHYSICS.

Gas is a clear, white, invisible substance.

Mr. Jayson (explaining color)—When the yellow is interfered with, you feel blue.

Teacher—Your tongues are exercised all the time and your brains never.

SILK STOCKING TALES.

"The Deer (dear) Slayer"—Ashton Roberts.
"The Red Rover"—Kilgus.
"Last of the Mohicans"—Carl Granger.
"The Pathfinder"—Mr. Stearns.

IN 35.

Teacher—Who was Francis E. Willard?
Small Boy—Jess Willard's dad!

THE FUNNY PAPERS.

"Bringing up Father".....Charlotte Stearns
"Keeping up with the Jones's".....Dot Hobbs
"Polly and her Pals".....Marie Poland
"Freckles" .....Himber
"Abie the Agent".....Kaiser
"Outbursts of Everett True".....Jacobowitz

Teacher—Has anybody here see Izon?
Lippman—No, I haven't laid my eyes on him to-day.

Schlosser (pointing to young Taylor)—That's the boy that made A. V. T. famous.

Harrison—Say, kid, can a man have a hand longer than eleven inches?
Himber—I guess so.
Bennett—Well, he can't, because if it was twelve inches it would be a foot.

Urmy—What's the matter Jake?
Jacobowitz—Oh, starvation is staring me in the face.
Tom—Gee, it can't be very pleasant for either of you!

Miss Grork—Conjugate the verb "to do."
Shapiro—I do, you don't.

Prof.—Get down off your horse and go on foot.

A NEW YELL.

Cosine! Secant,
Logarithm! Pi!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Barringer High!

Physic Teacher—Look at any good watch, and you will see the compensated balance wheel.
Condit (taking out an Ingersoll)—Mine's got it!

Kilgus—Say, Idler, Weinstein almost got killed this morning.
Idler—How?
Red—Why he was singing "Ireland must be beautiful for my mother came from there," and some fellows jumped on him.

Foster (reading an essay)—The Guy of Warnick was one of the main guys of that time.

Mr. Stearns (to two naughty 1B's throwing erasers)—Ha! now I have you.
1B—Please let me go! I didn't do anything, but I won't do it again.

AT THURSDAY DANCING CLASS.

Miss Patrick—Are you a junior?
Barling—Sure! my father's name is Burt.

Miss Atz—If you were divided by me what would be the answer?
Miss Green. I don't know.
Helen—One! because one divided by one equals one.

Jennings—Say, Schneider, you look tired, were you out late last night?
Schneider—No, I was all in.

1st Prof.—Yes, twenty years ago he came here with his two bare feet. Now he has millions!
2nd Prof.—Gee, what is he, a centipede?

Notice—(Teachers please do not read.)
The regular weekly meeting of the Barringer Equestrian Club was held Monday, the sixth period, in Room 41. Mr. Taylor was chosen faculty adviser of the club. Several interesting meetings are being planned by the chairman of the arrangements committee, Mr. Rolyat, who has had vast experience in this line.
The club is rapidly becoming popular among the second, third and fourth-year students. Reports will be made from time to time of the progress of the club.

NOT HIS JOB!

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he
When an extra task he chanced to see;
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."
And the boss who gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way
That he could have handled without delay
Was left unfinished; the way was paved
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of the tasks he was hired to do;
For never once was he known to turn
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed
And for all he did he was fairly paid,
But he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er;
For he knew too well when his work was through
And he'd done all he was hired to do.
If you want to grow in this world, young man;
You must do every day all the work you can,
If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it;
And you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

Edgar A. Guest in *Detroit Free Press*.

A GIVEAWAY.

Teacher—Miss Clark, why were you absent yesterday?
Julia—I stayed out on account of sickness.
Teacher—Who was sick?
Julia—Why-er-the truant officer.

English Teacher—What made Vulcan lame?
Won Bee—He had a fall.
Teacher—What caused the fall?
Won Bee—He was walking on Mt. Olympus when he slipped on a thunder peal.

When Willie studied chemistry,
He did not use much care,
While fooling with the peroxide,
He spoiled his auburn hair.

This mishap didn't cure him—
He was a funny chap—
While fussing with the sodium,
It blew him off the map.

JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.* JOHN JENNINGS
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE MARCO ANGELILLO
EDGAR KILGUS

SOUTH SIDE HANGS DEFEAT ON BARRINGER.

The South Side track team slipped an easy defeat over on the Barringer lads when they beat us in a dual meet by a score of 138-82.

Our boys pushed the sunny siders hard in the field events but the lads from the meadows easily ran away with the track events. South Side easily cleaned up in all three classes. The senior points were: South Side 65, Barringer 46; junior, South Side 58, Barringer 30; midgets, South Side 16, Barringer 6.

Central, with her strong relay team, won the medley relay as usual without much trouble. A misunderstanding by the Hamilton Institute team killed that aggregation's chance in the early part of the race. It was in this event that Dwyer broke the half-mile scholastic record, lowering the time to 2 min. 2 sec.

The other open event, the regimental half-mile, was won by Alex Duncan, the Irish American A. C. middle distance runner, who is an older brother of Barringer's popular football player, Ned Duncan. Duncan, who ran from scratch, uncorked a tremendous spurt, which easily brought him to the front a winner.

The Barringer chances, which, until the middle of the meet seemed fair, took a fall with Ten Eyck. Lansing who was doped to win the timber topping event went down to inglorious defeat when he tripped over a hurdle at the 50-yard mark. The spectators were treated to some fine finishes. The half-mile was a matter of inches however. Moore of South Side delivered the goods and caught Chittick about two feet from the tape.

Moore also furnished an interesting finish when after battling with Milt Condit for eight laps, he was able to come through a winner.

Richman, of South Side, and Wostroff had a gruelling battle in the junior half-mile. However, Richman slipped something over on the wearer of the blue and white, when he breezed in a winner by two yards.

Captain Witsel of the Barringer team came through a winner as was expected. He cleared the bar at ten feet.

South Side ran away with the sprints except the 220. Ten Eyck furnished the sensation of the evening when he went out from the start and finished a good ten yards ahead of the field.

Credit is to be given Coach Fred Moeller of South Side for developing such a team in the time he had at his command.

However, Barringer hopes that this dual meet will be only the first of a series of such meets. We hope that it may be an annual affair. The summary:

Running High Jump, Junior—Won by Stevens, Barringer, height 5 feet 1 inch; second, McKim, Barringer, height, 5 feet; third, Agne, South Side, height, 4 feet 10 inches; fourth, Ambs, South Side, height, 4 feet 10 inches.

Shot Put, Senior—Won by Robert Fava, South Side, distance, 38 feet 2 inches; second, G. Gregory, Barringer, distance, 36 feet 10 inches; third, Carangelo, Barringer, distance, 35 feet 8 inches; fourth, Lansing Ten Eyck, Barringer, distance, 34 feet 10 inches.

Running High Jump, Senior—Won by Krogh, South Side, height, 5 feet 5¼ inches; second, Sam Gregory, Barringer, height, 5 feet 4¼ inches; third, Harold Henderson, South Side, height, 5 feet 3¼ inches.

Pole Vault, Senior—Won by Witsell, Barringer, height, 10 feet; second, Walton, Barringer, height, 9 feet 6 inches; third, Heyden, South Side, height, 9 feet 4 inches.

Pole Vault, Junior—Won by Heyden, South Side; second, Del Pomo, Barringer; third, Dolan, Barringer.

Shot Put, Junior—Won by Cohen, South Side, distance, 38 feet; second, Hummell, Barringer, distance, 37 feet 11 inches; third, Poland, Bar-

ringer, distance, 37 feet 8 inches; fourth, Westroff, Barringer, distance, 37 feet 1 inch.

Fifty-Yard Run, Midget—Won by Ebele, South Side; second, Handler, South Side; third, Botnick, South Side; time, 6 3-5 seconds.

Seventy-Yard Run, Junior—Won by Julius Rippel, South Side; second, Haines, South Side; third, Ambs, South Side; fourth, McKim, Barringer; time, 8 3-5 seconds.

Seventy-Yard Run, Senior—Won by Spencer Swain, South Side; second, Moneski, South Side; third, Bundy, South Side; fourth, Baron, South Side; time, 7 4-5 seconds.

880-Yard Run, Junior—Won by Milton Richman, South Side; second, Wostroff, Barringer; third, King, Barringer; fourth, Schreck, South Side; time, 2 miutues 14 3-5 seconds.

One-Mile Run, Senior—Won by Henry Moore, South Side; second, Milton Condit, Barringer; third, Adlerstein, South Side; fourth, Schneider, Barringer; time, 4 minutes 58 3-5 seconds.

Seventy-Yard Low Hurdles, Junior—Won by Julius Ripple, South Side; second, McKim, Barringer; third, Stevens, Barringer; time, 9 3-5 seconds.

Seventy-Yard Low Hurdles, Senior—Won by Harold Henderson, South Side; second, Krogh, South Side; third, John Foster, Barringer; fourth, Hopwood, South Side; time, 8 4-5 seconds.

440-Yard Run, Senior—Won by Keller, Barringer; second, Bierman, South Side; third, E. Gibbons, Barringer; fourth, Shackelford, Barringer; time, 57 4-5 seconds.

220-Yard Run, Junior—Won by Westreich, Barringer; second, Richman, South Side; third, Haines, South Side; fourth, Ambs, South Side; time, 27 seconds.

880-Yard Run, Senior—Won by Henry Moore, South Side; second, Yardley Chittick, Barringer; third, Adlerstein, South Side; fourth, Wludyka, Barringer; time, 2 minutes 16 1-5 seconds.

220-Yard Run, Senior—Won by Lansing Ten Eyck, Barringer; second, Spencer Swain, South Side; third, Moneski, South Side; fourth, Bundy, South Side; time, 24 2-5 seconds.

Special Medley Relay—Won by Central (Muenster, Hand, Beattie, Woodruff); second, Hamilton Institute (Talbot, Bullock, Hostley, Dwyer); third, Central second team; fourth, Dickinson; time, 4 minutes 56 seconds.

Special 880-Yard Run (Closed to members of First Regiment)—Won by Aleck Duncan, scratch; second, Butler, scratch; third, Matt Lynch, scratch; time, 2 minutes 7 3-5 seconds.

One-Mile Relay, Senior—Won by South Side; second, Barringer; third, Barringer; fourth, South Side; time, 3 minutes 51 1-5 seconds.

880-Yard Relay, Junior—Won by South Side; second, Barringer; third, Barringer; fourth, South Side; time, 1 minute 46 seconds.

440-Yard Relay, Midget—Won by South Side; second, Barringer; third, Barringer; fourth, South Side; time 53 4-5 seconds.

SOUTH SIDE IS DOWNED!

As a result of good steady work on the part of the girls for a month or so, a half dozen or so were worked up into such fine condition that they were able to carry off honors for Barringer against the best girls on South Side's team. The meet was exciting, even though the pool is rather small. The events and their winners were as follows:

Breast Stroke Swim—Won by Ethel Hickey; second, Helen Revett, both of Barringer.

Dive for Form—Won by Florence Brown, Barringer. Perfect dive.

Swimming on the Back—Won by Ethel Hickey; second, Constance Jones, both of Barringer.

Plunge—Won by Miss Scheller; second, Constance Smith, both of South Side; third, Ethel Hickey.

Disc Diving—Won by Constance Smith; second, Esther Buerman; third, Dot Wiedman, all of South Side.

Relay—Won by Barringer, by one and a half laps.

Swimmers for Relay.

Barringer—Constance Jones, Dot Beingan, Marjorie Walsh, Margaret Revett, Ethel Hickey.

South Side—Margaret Scheller, Edna Wurth, Dot Wiedman, Esther Burman, Gertrude Smith.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

For two years the girls have started up tennis teams but as yet they have never gotten anywhere with them, either because of bad weather or slowness in getting started. To help it along, every girl who plays should get out her racket and start in as soon as possible on her own accord so as not to be entirely green at it if Miss Patrick sends out the call for players. If there is enough material, which there certainly ought to be, we should be able to get together a first-class team.

OUTLOOK FOR BOYS' TENNIS.

Instead of having the practice for the candidates of the boys' tennis team at the city field, as usual, negotiations are being made with the managers of the Roseville Tennis Courts in an effort to obtain these courts for that purpose. They are very good courts, in fact about the best in the city, and are splendidly kept up. There are seven of them, which fact would allow a

larger squad to be maintained than was possible at the city field with only two and occasionally three courts in use.

Calls for players will no doubt be made not later than May 1 so as to give as much time as possible to preparation for the meets. Among these will probably be East Orange, Montclair High, whatever city schools have teams, and of course others.

We have with us as last year's veterans, Howard Bradley, R. Smith and Allen Thorn. We will all depend greatly upon these old timers and will be disappointed if they fail to volunteer their services and allow some who try out to replace them. Every fellow who handles a racket should come out; there may be a place for you among the first four.

BOWLING.

A new opponent on our list is Westfield. The boys on this team were striving for high honors in the state until they hit a snag. That snag was Barringer. We hit them hard, defeating them two out of three games. These were without a doubt the best games bowled by our boys, who are fast hitting their stride. Pavese and Poole bowled well for our boys, while Clark and Corbett shone for the visitors. The scores:

Barringer.

Wood	144	156	126
Poole	165	146	167
Pavese	145	167	158
Mutchler	162	130	...
Miller	...	...	169
Totals	616	599	620

Westfield.

Johnson	109	165	163
Corbett	159	191	108
Roberts	159	134	157
L. Clarke	159	134	163
Totals	586	624	591

Our boys traveled to Battin High and gave the lads of that place the battle of their young lives. Although defeated, we bore up well and died fighting, so to speak. The three games were well played, and the spectators were in suspense every minute of play. The score is as follows:

Barringer.

Wood	177	176	113
Jackly	155	143	135
Pavese	125	176	145
Miller	141	128	...
Eckel	...	...	142
Mutchler	137	137	126
Totals	735	760	661

Battin.

O'Dowell	141	147	149
Mulligan	138	185	145
Harrington	147	136	110
Rehill	153	146	149
Schiller	189	159	145
Totals	768	773	698

Hoping to avenge ourselves we again engaged in actual combat with the warriors of Battin, but again fell. Our boys fought tooth and nail for the advantage but it was not to be. The score:

Barringer.

Wood	149	...	...
Pavese	...	199	135
Jackly	141	134	...
Walsh	...	...	120
Pavese	150	...	...
Poole	...	182	140
Mutchler	139	...	...
Wood	...	157	152
Totals	579	672	547

Battin.

O'Dowell	178	203	138
Mulligan	159	...	...
Harrington	...	174	146
Hooker	178	166	155
Rehill	170	173	190
Schiller	166	155	166
Totals	851	871	795

IN THE LUNCHROOM.

There was a young man who said, "Why
  Did I buy this horrible pie?
I'll sit here a while and continue to smile
  Which may soften the crust of this pie."

Idler—Say, I hear that an undertaker owes us some money.

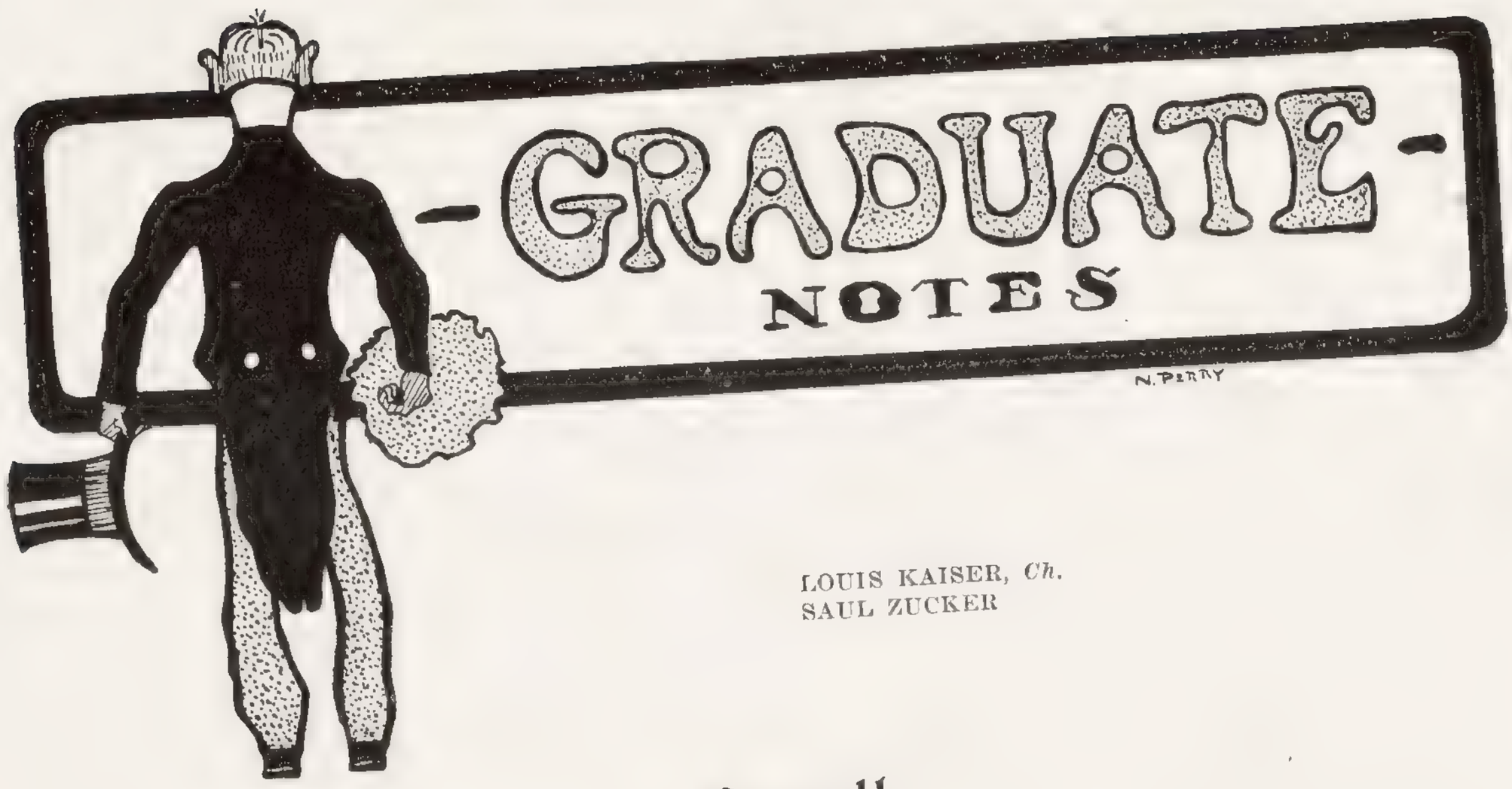
D. Foster—Gee, let's take it out in trade.

(Himber steps forward.)

Kid Zabriskie—Say, did you know the Kaiser doesn't wear any scoks?

Idler—How's that?

1B Zabriskie—Why, he can smell de feat.



LOUIS KAISER, *Ch.*
SAUL ZUCKER

Cornell

CORNELL CUSTOMS.

N spite of the fact that hazing has become a thing of the past, there are quite a number of things that a Freshman has to bear in mind, if he would go peacefully from class to class.

One of the first things to attract the attention of the Freshman upon arriving at Ithaca (after he has plowed his way through the Student Agency Competes) is the display of small grey caps in the various store windows, and it is not long before he adopts one for continual use until the Freshman cap-burning on Spring Day. He must wear his Frosh cap not only on the campus but down town, every day except Sundays, when he is granted the privilege of wearing any kind he desires. Freshmen who have won their class numerals in athletics may wear a black skull cap, with the class insigna in red silk, across the front. This cap is much coveted and leads to rigid competition among the Freshmen in the various branches of athletics. A Freshman may not appear on the campus without a coat, and smoking too is forbidden him on "the hill," as the campus is called. There is a narrow path running from the College of Arts across the quadrangle to Morrill Hall, the administration building, which the Frosh are not allowed to use, and it is the delight of the men of the College of Law to make them walk back and start over again if they attempt it. Freshmen cannot sit in any of the first six rows of any of the theatres, and on the street cars they must always give up their seats to upper classmen when so requested. They have their own stand at the football and baseball games, which stands have always been noted for their cheering.

The Freshman-Sophomore rush usually comes the latter part of March. This is held on the Armory green, and commands a good attendance, in the way of an audience as well as participants. The members of the two under classes are divided off into teams of fifty men each; these pair off on opposite sides of the green and rush at a signal given by the proctor. Each team tries to take opponents prisoner, and the prisoners are then rolled in the mud, after which they are carried off to be painted. Freshmen left on the field after a second signal are prisoners of the Sophomores. After everyone has had a chance to take part, the painted and mud-covered victims form a parade and march downtown and back. After the rush comes the Annual Freshman Banquet, which is held in the Armory and which, needless to say, is most thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The second big day for the Freshmen is the cap-burning, which follows the Spring Day Regatta. An immense bon-fire is built on the library slope, around which the Frosh dance and yell, at the same time throwing in their caps to add to the blaze. When this is over they again parade, celebrating the arrival of the time when their fair acquaintances can see them without thinking of them as Frosh.

One of the standard customs of Cornell University is the observance of Navy Day which is the day of the Freshman cap-burning. This is on a Saturday, the latter part of May, and starts with what is known as Spring Day, a grand circus event, where everybody is robbed and nobody cares. Students taking their girls up to the athletic field, where the carnival is held, are the chief victims. The event begins with an enormous parade from downtown up to the athletic field, and there, all sorts of side shows await the visitors. In the afternoon there is a baseball game, followed by a regatta.

On pleasant evenings near the time of graduating, the Seniors sit on the steps of Goldwin Smith Hall and sing school songs; always beginning with the Alma Mater and ending with the Evening Song.

All of these customs and traditions are a part of the life of the University, and soon students come to look upon them as a part of their real life, and they mean a great deal to them. The only way to appreciate them is to become a student at Cornell.

"Pete" Schaaf,
B. H. S., '13.

CORNELL COMPETITIONS.

AT Cornell, perhaps more than at any other university in the country, competitions are the one and only method of electing managers of athletic teams. To most people a manager of an athletic team means little more than a man with a fair amount of personality and a much larger amount of "pull" with the right people. But at Cornell such is far from being the case.

As in most universities, athletics at Cornell are divided into two groups known as the major and minor sports. Both are complete organizations in themselves and as such have a separate athletic council and coaching system. The major sports council is composed of the captains and managers of the several major sport teams, two or three faculty advisers and the graduate manager of athletics. This body has complete charge of the scheduling and playing of all games, the awarding of the much coveted "C" and the managing of the various managerial competitions for the different teams. In a similar manner the minor sports council directs all the so-termed minor athletic activities of the university.

With this brief outline of Cornell's system of athletic control the reader should be prepared, to some extent, for a more detailed account of the aim, work and results of the various competitions. The major sports are divided into four competitions, namely football, crew, baseball and track. Each, although somewhat varied as to the nature of its work, is planned with the same general idea, which aims to give the men an opportunity to display their ability as regards originality, foresight and aptitude for hard physical and mental work. And to win a competition at Cornell a man must have all these qualities, especially the mental one, for the university authorities are very strict with all managers or athletes in the matter of studies and as soon as a man's work begins to drag a bit, he is apt to be honored with a little note from "Davey" to the effect that he has been put on probation or still worse, "busted out." All four of the competitions start at either the end of the freshman year or at the beginning of the sophomore year, and last for about one school year. During this time the "compet" is under the direction of the manager and his assistant as well as the coach and graduate manager. His duties vary from taking dictation and typewriting to rubbing the men when a "rubber" is not around, being bat and water boy, and cleaning up the locker rooms. He must be the first on hand for every practice and the last to leave.

The minor sports competition is much the same as regards work, but instead of being a number of separate competitions there is one large one and from this the first six men are elected to fill the positions of manager of basketball, wrestling, lacrosse, tennis, soccer, and golf. The winner in this competition is made basketball manager; the second man becomes wrestling manager and so on down the line; the positions being considered in the order of importance as given above. Here instead of working with one sport for the whole year, the "competes" are assigned in groups of four or five men to a different team every two weeks, thus giving variety to the work and at the same time giving the different captains and managers a chance to judge the men more fairly. Another part of this competition that makes it particularly hard is the season ticket selling that is required of the competitors. And no minor sports "compet" will ever forget those dozen or more "seat nights" when he and the other "competes" helped to put up and take down those cold sharp iron seat frames before and after every basketball game and wrestling meet. But it's all in the game and even though those seats go up pretty slowly some nights and the bunch may be feeling pretty low, it's good sport and nobody kicks. But the bed sure feels good when the things are finally put away for the night, especially after the two day "Intercollegiate Wrestling Meet," when you work from 6.00 A. M. on Friday to 11.00 P. M. on Saturday with only six hours sleep in between.

Perhaps you have begun to wonder what is the use of competitions and what good it is to the men to make them work for such a length of time. In the first place the greatest advantage of all is the training they afford. The man who can go into a competition and stay in until the finish has taken a lot of hard knocks. He has pitted his wits, his energy, his general ability and his "Sticktoitiveness" against a number of men, who want the position just as badly as he wants it. And he is a better man for it all. At the same time he is doing a service for Cornell by helping to raise the standard of the athletic management and so making Cornell teams stronger. Cornell and competitions have grown to be almost snonymous and this competitive spirit is slowly becoming the symbol of the spirit of fair play and equal rights that pervades the democracy of Cornell.

J. E. Schaaf,
B. H. S., '14.

ATHLETICS AT CORNELL.

NOW that the great war is at our gates, and many of our Cornell athletes will accept the call and leave the different athletic fields for

sterner, and more cruel battlefields, a temporary abandonment of Intercollegiate contests stares one in the face and takes a degree of enthusiasm from him.

However, it is mighty satisfying to sit back and review what Cornell has done on the water, gridiron, track, and diamond, as well as in the other sports such as basketball, wrestling, lacrosse, etc. To be a member of that institution which has turned out crews which have won seventy-five per cent. of all the races the Cornell shell has entered; a track and field team which has won the championship of the United States for seven times, including the last three years; a cross-country team which has brought back the Intrcollegiate trophy fifteen times out of seventeen contests; a football team which carried off the championship honors in 1915; a wrestling team, the winner of the Intercollegiates for the last six years; a baseball team which continually has won from Penn (our great rival) two out of the three games played in a season, besides winning the championship three years ago; a lacrosse team which has conquered all comers twice in the last three years; and a basketball team which has won the championship two out of four times, all gives a fellow a great pride in his Alma Mater.

Then he begins to think of the causes of this great success, this remarkable record. To what is it all due? Is it the location of the University, the personnel of the coaches, the exceptional quality of our athletic material, or the spirit of the student body? It is an interesting question, which might have several answers.

At Cornell, this University of 6,000 students, there is a good, wholesome spirit of coöperation between the athletes on the field and their friends in the stands. The men know, from the kick off, that they are backed by every man in that stadium, and they feel it, and respond with victory. The democratic spirit of help, goes a long way to get the results which our teams are now attaining.

Then, a great factor in our success is our coaches. Cornell men, all over the country, will do honor to these wonderful men who have given so much to all those who come in contact with them. They are not merely athletic coaches, but they are teachers of manly ideals, and fellow workers. There is Charles E. Courtney, Cornell's "Grand Old Man" in crew, who has been the inspiring genius to Cornell oarsmen for so many years. And John F. Moakley, known the country over as one of the greatest track coaches of the time. Yet he does not stop there, he enters into the lives of many of our undergraduates and their different activities, and is highly respected and beloved by all. Dr. Albert F. Sharpe, coach of football, baseball and basketball has done wonders with the many men who have come under him. In fact to our coaches is due a lot of our present enviable success.

However, the Cornell system of competition in the sports, must be taken strict account of. For instance, last year there were 580 different men out for track. Several hundred try out for the 'Varsity eight, and the baseball cage is full of prospective players. This opportunity, this chance to compete, is given to all men, irrespective of their past reputation. And it induces many to come out and fight hard against the 'Varsity. Our system has a great deal to do with the results which we have gotten.

Then, these results could not have been obtained if our equipment had not been of the best. The new Schoellkorf Field, with its training house for football, track, baseball, lacrosse and the athletic offices, and its stadium, ball-cage and track, is of the most modern construction. There are ample lockers for all, good showers, a gym. on the third floor, a lecture room, visitors' rooms, etc. Of course, the boat house is off the "Hill" and on the inlet to Cayuga Lake, a body of water forty miles long. We take pride in our athletic plant, and attribute a part of our success to it.

But what do all these victories amount to? What is the use of bothering so much about these athletic games? For one thing it brings out some of the great characteristics in a man. It also develops him physically and gives him that moral "punch" a "stick-to-itiveness" so essential to any kind of success in life. It gives the undergraduates an immense pride and joy in their University. And it broadens us out by our contact with so many other college men. Athletics are a wonderful benefit to the students and the University, and Cornell holds the great majority of championships.

If war comes, what the future will bring I do not know. But I am confident that Cornell men will give that same "account of themselves" as they have in athletics, and will serve their country as efficiently and faithfully as they have their Alma Mater.

W. H. J. Woodford, '18.
Manager of Interscholastic Track.

Exchanges

RUTH CAIRNS, *Ch.*
MARIAN AMANN
HELEN CLARKE

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of these exchanges for last month: *Artisan* (Bridgeport), *Brown Daily Herald, Campus, Comet* (Glen Ridge), *College News, Columbia Alumni News, Collinsville High School Echo, Conwayan, Cazenovian, Cartaret, Elbeco Counter Currents, Furrow, Golden-Blue, Hamilton, Howard Times, Holman Magazine, High School Chronicle, Knick Knacks, Lawrence, Lafayette, Lasell Leaves, Lit* (Watertown), *Massachusetts Collegian, On Bounds* (Montclair High School), *Owl, Orient, Prep, Princeton Pictorial, Quill, Red and White* (Battin), *Review, Signal* (Trenton), *Survey, Syracuse Daily Orange, School Life, Sketch Book, Spectator, Shuttle, Shucus, Tuskegee Student, Valkyrie, Williams Record, Wesleyan Argus, Yale Alumni Weekly.*

You have such a fine paper that we can find little to criticize. You certainly have quality as well as quantity to your literary department. The pictures in the beginning of your paper add very much to the excellent appearance which it has. You have something seldom seen, a very good Exchange Department. Come again, *Golden-Blue,* from such a distance.

THE GOLDEN-BLUE,
MAXWELL UNION HIGH SCHOOL,
MAXWELL, CALIFORNIA.

As usual Montclair Academy has turned out a good paper. We are always glad to welcome *On Bounds.* Why don't you follow the accepted order of Editorials after "Lit."? It greatly improves the appearance of the paper. Come again, *On Bounds.*

ON BOUNDS,
MONTCLAIR, ACADEMY

Well, *School Life,* we are a little disappointed in your Alumni number. Why not let your table of contents change places with your frontispiece? Editorials and Literary also change places. Your Exchange Department is very good; we are glad to see the number of papers criticized.

SCHOOL LIFE,
METUCHEN, N. J.

This surely is one of our best exchanges this month. It would be better to have your Literary Department precede your editorial page. "Tom," was read with much interest. It is cleverly written. Your Literary Department is the best in the *Chronicle.* Personals are very good as can be said of your cover. Welcome.

THE PUTNAM HALL CHRONICLE,
PUTNAM HALL PREP. SCHOOL,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

We are glad to see your timely cover design, Sketch Book, in these troublous times we are glad to see such a proclamation of loyalty to the old flag. We were a little sorry to see that you still adhere to the old form of editorials before Literature. We are glad to see such a good Exchange Department.

SKETCH BOOK,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Your Editorials ought to be placed after the Literature. Your material is well arranged. A few more jokes would make your paper more complete. Thank you for criticizing our paper. We hope to hear from you again. Your cover helps to make a neat paper.

KNICK KNACKS,
SHADY SIDE ACADEMY,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Well, *Optimist,* we were quite a little surprised, when we searched for your table of contents, to find it missing. We expected better work from South Side. Don't you think Literature could use a few snappy stories? You have a very attractive paper, Optimist, but you should make the contents even more so.

THE OPTIMIST,
SOUTH SIDE H. S.,
NEWARK, N. J.

Though your paper is small it is quite interesting. Your cover is neat. You should have an Editoral page. Why not criticize a few more papers? Thank you for your criticism of our paper. Your Literary Department is the strong point of your paper. "Psalm of the Latin Student" adds humor to your Personal Department. Where is your Table of Contents? Welcome.

THE OWL,
WOODBINE HIGH SCHOOL,
WOODBINE, N. J.

As usual we must extend our congratulations to the *Curtis Monthly.* We can always rely on you for a neat and attractive issue and the appearance is no better than the contents. We do suggest, though, a few cuts and a more interestingly written Exchange Department.

CURTIS MONTHLY,
NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.

Your paper has a very neat cover design. "The Spirit of the Conqueror" is most interesting because it is lively. A few more stories would add greatly to your paper. Athletics are well written, but too long. Your cuts are original and clever. Your jokes are up to the standard.

THE SIGNAL,
NEW JERSEY STATE SCHOOLS,
TRENTON, N. J.

Your Literary Department deserves much credit. You have some fine cuts. The pictures of some of the girls, certainly help to make your February number most entertaining. We congratulate your business manager for securing so many ads. On the whole this is a fine paper; contains lots of pep. Come again.

LASELL LEAVES,
LASELL SEMINARY,
AUBURNDALE,
BOSTON, MASS.

TRACK AT CORNELL.

S for track athletics as an intercollegiate sport, no one can doubt Cornell's supremacy. Of course this supremacy is tested every year, and perhaps Cornell may temporarily lose her supremacy this spring by not winning the intercollegiates at Philadelphia. However, what I mean by supremacy in track, is not won by a single victory at the intercollegiates. The kind of superiority which Cornell now has is attained by winning the intercollegiate track meet five times in a certain number of years before any other university could do the same; by winning this meet twice since then; by carrying off the major portion of the honors every year in the indoor intercollegiate meet; by winning dual meets, and by winning the cross country championship all but three times since the meet was first held in 1898.

I have no doubt that as an outsider hears of this enviable record, he questions its veracity. But to anyone who has become well acquainted with Jack Moakley, such a record seems only normal. By this I mean that the great factor in bringing this high standing in track to Cornell is Jack Moakley. He is the intelligence and push so well known as the developer of track men at Cornell. With a man like this over an athlete no wonder he improves his ability on the track; no wonder men of mean ability develop into stars, and no wonder men of practically no ability develop into valuable men on the teams. Since Mr. Moakley has had charge of track at Cornell never has a man come to the university with a certain amount of ability who failed to improve that ability.

Jack, as he is called, is a coach, father and friend to everyone on the track squad. He has that exceptional power of really teaching a man, of perfecting his form in whatever event he may be on the track. He has the ability to train a man to the best possible condition. And he has the ability to train a man intellectually so that he is in the right state of mind to do his best work. This is why I say that Jack's record seems no miracle to those who know him, this is why Cornell insists every year upon winning track meets, and this is also why Cornell, in my mind, will remain supreme in track as long as Jack Moakley stays in Ithaca.

FRANK K. FOSS,
Captain of Track Team.

GRADUATE NOTES.

Editors Note. "Pete" Schaaf was one of Barringer's star athletes while attending the high school. He played on the Varsity football team several years and was considered an all-scholastic end. At Cornell "Pete" made the track team. "Jimmie" Schaaf was manager of Barringer 1914 football team.

"OVER THE BORDER."

(*Continued from page* 15.)

and seek Eldora. Dismounting, he made his way through the gardens. As he passed through the arbor he heard voices. Looking through the hedge, he made out the forms of Lopez and the gentleman who, two days previous, had crossed the bridge with provisions. Not wishing to disturb them Dawson moved on, but a few words, which he unavoidably caught, made him stop. He listened. What he heard made his heart beat faster. He retreated noiselessly to the back trail and rode speedily back to headquarters. Dawson paced up and down his room. What should he do? He stopped suddenly. Lieutenant Dawson would do his duty as a soldier though it probably meant the sacrifice of the friendship between himself and Eldora, whom he had grown to like very much! He seized his hat and left the room; he was again in charge of the guard at the bridge.

Near sunset a train of wagons slowly approached the bridge. In advance was a buggy in which were seated Senor Lopez and Mr. Granger. The Lieutenant hurried outside.

"*Buenos tardes,* Lieutenant," greeted Lopez, "you see I have more provisions for my hungry stricken people and I am afraid I shall be compelled to trouble you for a permit to cross the Rio."

"Pardon me, sir," returned Dawson coldly, "but I fear I shall have to detain you and Mr. Granger."

"What do you mean," demanded Granger.

"Corporal of the guard, place these men under arrest!"

Amid loud protests from both Lopez and Granger, the guard applied the handcuffs.

"I demand an explanation of this outrage," thundered Lopez angrily.

"Very well," responded Dawson calmly. "Early this afternoon while on patrol duty, I stopped off at the old gate on the back trail, Senor Lopez, and made my way through your gardens to the arbor in search of your daughter. I heard voices and on looking through the hedge saw Mr. Granger and yourself, seated at a table. Not wishing to intrude upon your conversation I started to move away but a few words, which I could not help hearing, made me stop. What I heard amazed me! I returned immediately to my quarters. I saw there was only one course open, the sacrifice of our friendship."

Dawson walked to the nearest wagon and began moving the contents.

"Senor Lopez, because of the fact that you have never been known to have been involved in any of the numerous political upheavals of your country, Mexico, your actions have never been suspected of being contrary to law. But now," said Dawson, as he held high in the air several rifles and belts of cartridges taken from the wagons, "I arrest you in the name of the Government for smuggling arms and ammunition into Mexico contrary to the laws of the United States."

The Pessimist—The Optimist

To you life spells but sorrow,
With skies not ever blue—
You always try to borrow
The hidden wreaths of rue.

To me, life seems entrancing
A wonder-woman fair,
Before me, ever dancing
To beckon where I dare.

JULIA CLARK.

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